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IT looks as if the German Government were run on the theory that the General Staff and Admiralty should act and the diplomats should explain. Yet the fact that the diplomats do try to explain is the one hope in the dismal situation. And since the American people are profoundly averse to conflict with Germany, the policy of giving the moderate Germans a chance to prevail over the Reventlow-Tirpitz-sink-and-be-damned party will have the approval of American opinion. But how to give the chance is the puzzling question. To our minds the only way to support the attitude of men like Count von Bernstorff is by making it clear that unless there is a complete disavowal of the right to sink without warning, diplomacy will cease and preparation will begin. Except for a willingness to hear all the facts, there need be no writing of notes to Germany about the Arabic. The only safe course is what looks like the dangerous one: to let Germany understand now that the United States is preparing to act, and that only a disavowal, which means a guarantee for the future, can stop the carrying out of our intention to isolate and boycott and mobilize. We cannot help the conciliatory Germans by a conciliatory attitude. We can help them by making it obvious that our threats have not been idle.

EVER since the Lusitania was sunk, the President has had to play a highly speculative hand. He has had no clear mandate from the country. The anger of the press and of large sections of the public has been tempered by profound feeling among the people everywhere, but especially west of the Ohio, that he must not draw this country into the world war. The procedure of writing a sharp note followed by a sharp note was a genuine attempt to hold up a mirror to the conglomerate thoughts of America. It would have suited us admirably if words could have settled our troubles. For we have always had a great weakness for believing that a wish was a fact, that a mere formula, constitutional, editorial or oratorical was in reality a weapon. But we have splattered our words upon a government of men who were trained to repeat that "in the beginning was the deed."

THE President's task has been to find some way of emphasizing his words so that they could be heard in Germany. There, too, he was dealing with a people by no means unanimous in thought. And perhaps the most important judgment he has had to make in these anxious months was over the relative strength of the bullying and the compromising elements in German life. For unquestionably there are Germans in positions of power who recognize that the whole submarine campaign is a spectacular futility, that its military value is nil, that with the development of a British mosquito fleet the offensive power of the submarine can be almost completely neutralized. These Germans must realize that to throw the limitless resources of the United States against Germany would give the Allies a resisting power for which no victory on any battlefield, and certainly no sinking of

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merchant vessels, could compensate. But these enlightened Germans have been overborne by the conviction of the chauvinists that America is too proud to fight, and that we shall be content to call names and make faces. To allow this notion to harden in Germany is to invite unlimited outrage. For we might as well face the fact that Germany will do anything she thinks she can possibly afford to do. If the Arabic were passed over with another note, Germany would class us with Norway, and treat us as she is treating Norway. The President's only chance of receiving any comprehension from Germany is by a dramatic threat.

THE threat, we presume, will take the form of diplomatic non-intercourse accompanied by preparation. What kind of preparation, is the deepest question before our people. In order to answer it we are compelled to abandon many conventional ideas. We have to prepare for a situation without precedent, and if our preparation is to be real it must be devised with a clear recognition of the curious facts of the case. We shall be preparing to coerce a government whom we cannot reach and who cannot reach us. The only way we can wage war against it in the old-fashioned way is by joining the Allies, by agreeing with them to make no separate peace, and by placing our navy and army practically under their command. As a result we should be involved in the whole problem of Constantinople, the Balkans, Poland, Trieste, Turkey, Africa. We should be involved without any commensurate ability to influence the settlement. THE NEW REPUBLIC believes that the American people are deeply against any such entanglement in unlimited liabilities.

EVENTS dictate, therefore, a special form of preparedness. We must put our navy and army in a powerful defensive position. In a military way we must be strong enough to resist German attack in case Germany should break through the iron ring in Europe and wish to punish us. It is an unlikely event, of course, but a first line of defense is a necessary precaution. Behind that line we should mobilize our economic and diplomatic power. We can prepare complete non-intercourse with Germany; stoppage of mails, wireless, imports, exports; seizure of German property and patents. We can increase our output of munitions, we can open up the American money markets to the enemies of Germany. It is idle to say that we are already hurting Germany as much as she can be hurt. What we are doing now is mere private commercial enterprise. By a deliberate national policy we could tap resources infinitely greater than any now available in the war.

LET it be clearly understood that we ought not to do all this because the Arabic was sunk. The recall of the Embassies and the preparation to do these things are probably sufficient for the immediate occasion. But there ought to be no doubt left in any German mind that we have this power, that we not only intend to use it if Germany does not yield, but that we are prepared to use it. The future will tell how big an impression the knowledge of this makes upon the rulers and strategists of Germany.

A NEW solicitude for neutral interests appears in the reports from London of an intention on the part of the British government to "stand behind" the cotton market, to neutralize the placing of this staple on the contraband list. What "standing behind" the cotton market may mean, in the concrete, is for the present a matter of conjecture. The only effective method readily conceivable is the accumulation, by state-aided private capital, of large reserve stocks of cotton. If the cotton acreage continues to diminish, this may be good business as well as good policy. Otherwise the British treasury will eventually suffer a net loss, which may properly be included among the military costs of the war. In view of the enormous financial burden under which England is now staggering, it may seem unfair that she should be forced to assume the charges of our cotton difficulties also. But from a pacifist point of view it is highly desirable that such a precedent may be established. If a nation destroys physical property belonging to neutrals, she pays. Physical property under modern conditions counts merely as a bearer of values; and if a nation destroys the values of neutrals indirectly she ought not to escape the duty of compensation.

THE fate of the cotton grower is not, however, to be left to the mercies of a conscientious foreign power. The abundant resources of our own treasury and of our Federal Reserve Banks are to be employed to support the price of cotton, according to the announcement made public by Secretary McAdoo on August 23rd. The Secretary will, if necessary, deposit $30,000,000 of public money in the Reserve Banks at Richmond, Atlanta and Dallas, to enable them to assist in financing the cotton crop. This money will be deposited without interest, and should make possible loans on warehouse receipts at rates not exceeding six per cent. An addition of $30,000,000 to reserves will serve as adequate basis for actual loans aggregating about five times that sum. At ten cents a pound the cotton crop of the current year will be worth between $400,000,000 and $450,000,000. Accordingly the execution of Secretary McAdoo's

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plan would mean the impounding in warehouses of one-third of the cotton supply. In time of peace Germany, Austria and Belgium together did not consume one-fifth of the American production. Accordingly any such "corner" as the McAdoo plan makes possible ought to go far toward restoring normal cotton prices, for the present. The plan may or may not be workable, but its importance can hardly be overestimated. It is a long step in the direction of employing the consolidated financial power of the United States for distinctly national ends.

SOME years ago when an annual meeting was planned of the executives of the forty-eight somewhat sovereign states of the American union, the prediction was freely and explicitly made of a great future for the House of Governors. By means of this regular conference the representatives of the several states were to agree upon a common plan of legislation and so provide for the need of national action on social problems without any exercise of centralized federal authority. These expectations have never been fulfilled. The attendance at the annual gatherings has steadily diminished. In order to fill up the space which was supposed to be occupied by actual executives, invitations have been extended to former executives. The gatherings have ceased to represent any shred of official authority. They have little or no effect on state legislation and they have done nothing to bring about joint state action on those phases of national policy which have remained legally under the jurisdiction of the states. The meetings have nevertheless a certain value. If they do not awaken the state governments to a sense of their inter-state responsibilities, they do awaken the governors to a livelier sense of the opportunity possessed by the executive for state political leadership. They have become at least an effective agency for propagating the idea of an official state political "Boss." As long as they continue to perform this work, they should not be abandoned. If the work is successful and the governors are very generally intrusted with the express duty of state leadership, an annual conference among the several governors would become not only useful but indispensable. A House of Governors whose members really represented their several states and had the power to carry out a joint program would constitute a serviceable addition to the stock of American political institutions.

THE work of the controlling element in the New York Constitutional Convention has been on the whole so excellent that one serious blemish is all the more to be regretted. There can be no ultimate justification for making the public service commissioners privileged constitutional officials and for surrounding their appointment and dismissal with special conditions. THE NEW REPUBLIC appreciates the fact that these expert commissioners, whose power is in part judicial and legislative as well as executive, should occupy a peculiarly independent position. It realizes that the results of the present method of appointment and renewal have been deplorable and scandalous. But if the commissioners are to occupy a privileged position they should obtain it not by the incorporation in the constitution of a special machinery of appointment and removal, but by gradual acquiescence and insistence of public opinion. To make the commission partly independent of the governor is equivalent not merely to undermining the responsibility of the executive for the political welfare of the state, but it deprives that prevailing body of public opinion whose representative the governor is from the means of making its will effective. Most of all it bestows this privileged position upon the commission which regulates the activities of the most powerful state corporations. It will arouse against the work of the Convention the embittered and justifiable opposition of the enemies of the public utilities companies. They know how easy is the transition between the conscious independence of a public commission and an attitude of partiality towards its corporate wards.

THE plans for a state budget prepared for the Constitutional Convention by the finance committee is apparently certain of being submitted to the voters for their approval. It has been improved as a consequence of its discussion in the Convention. The only damaging adverse criticism was based on the power which individual members of the legislature were still to enjoy of initiating appropriations outside of the budget. Mr. A. E. Smith urged with some force that in spite of the safeguards by which the exercise of this power was surrounded, it left the door open for log-rolling for local appropriations on the part of a majority of the legislature. The safeguards consisted of the provisions that each appropriation would have to be made in a separate bill, that each bill was subject to the governor's veto, and that in each bill provision would have to be made for meeting the expense by special taxation. These safeguards look sufficiently effective, but they possess the disadvantage incurred by past restrictions imposed upon the legislature. The good results are to be secured not by associating power with responsibility, but by imposing limitations on the exercise of power. The finance committee has recently agreed upon the further restriction that before such an appropriation can be made plans and estimates for the cost of the

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work must be filed with the secretary of state by the superintendent of public works together with an expression of opinion on his part as to the merit of the proposed improvement. This amendment will add substantial strength to the plan of the finance committee. It will protect the legislature as a whole against pressure by individual members and it will protect individual members against pressure from their constituents—the problem in both cases being afforded by a public declaration of a responsible and expert executive official.

ACCORDING to the Tokio correspondence of the New York *Evening Post* of a recent date there is in Japan "an increasing and almost impetuous desire to ascertain the exact attitude of the Allies toward Far Eastern Questions and to arrive at a clearer understanding." While the Russians were advancing through Galicia and even threatening to overflow into Hungary, the Allies, preoccupied with their own prospering affairs, behaved, no doubt, in a somewhat cold manner toward their Eastern friends. Certainly they did not give the wholehearted support to the Japanese designs in China that Japan thought she had earned by the taking of Tsing Tao. In view of the military situation it is natural that Japan should seek to have the Allies define their position on the Eastern question. Russia might be expected just now to yield especially favorable terms. There is a party in Japan that favors an alliance with Russia, of course, at the expense of China; and, indeed, there are some who say, "An alliance with Russia is necessary to prevent one with Germany." When we recall the contemptuous indignation of the Germans over what they regarded as piratical action on the part of Japan, we can appreciate the difficulty of any negotiations looking toward a German-Japanese alliance. But the threat is none the less a brave one, well calculated to awaken the Allies to the necessity of conciliating Japan. Should Japan go over to Germany, the port of Vladivostok would be quickly sealed up, and Russia would face a winter campaign with what munitions she could hold over from the needs of this summer. By next spring Sweden may be in the war, and may cut the road to Archangel before navigation opens. If the Dardanelles hold fast, a separate peace, on whatever terms, would be acceptable to Russia.

AN epidemic of attacks upon the Interstate Commerce Commission normally attends every important decision affecting rates. Whether rates are reduced, or advanced less than the railways demand, certain sections of the press are filled with assertions that the Commission is acting as a check upon prosperity. If the railways are not liberally rewarded, capital avoids the railway business, construction halts, men are laid off, purchases of material are held down to the lowest point, etc. The American public is ready to admit, for purposes of argument at least, that there may be cases in which the Commission errs on the side of too drastic regulation, just as there are doubtless cases in which it errs on the side of undue generosity. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the most efficient organ of administration that we have ever produced; if we have succeeded fairly well in reconciling the private ownership and operation of railways to the public interest—something hardly any other nation has done—this is largely to the credit of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the work of the Commission is one of extreme complexity, and it would be miraculous if its decisions never in the least "hurt business," or deterred capital from entering the railway field. Yet it is safe to say that no action of the Commission, however drastic, ever had a deterrent effect upon capital at all comparable to that of the New Haven receivership, or the recent looting of the Rock Island. For many years the Interstate Commerce Commission has urged the wisdom of giving it such control over the issue of railway securities as would render private railway investments reasonably safe. The critics of the Commission, who have blocked this reform, may honestly believe that it is best for railway investors to take their chances, like investors in Mexican mines or in Venezuela bonds; but in such case it is with bad grace that they make mountains out of the occasional instances in which the rate determinations of the Commission may have the effect of discouraging railway investment.

MEN with long memories will recall the vast amount of profitless discussion at the opening of the present century as to whether the fixing of a railway rate is a judicial or a legislative act; and if the latter, whether the function could be deputed to a commission. The railway law of 1906, definitely empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to prescribe maximum rates, was the deliberate reply of the American people to the contention that a commission could not properly be allowed to make rates. The experience of the state governments with schedules of maximum rates fixed by legislative acts had proved quite conclusively that if rates were to be regulated satisfactorily it must be by permanent commissions offering continuous and expert service, not by political assemblies, prone to be swayed by popular prejudice or by subsidized "publicity." Accordingly it is with surprise that one learns from the New York *Times* that "the breezy, whole-hearted West" is getting very tired of the irresponsiveness of the

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Interstate Commerce Commission to the public opinion that demands more generous advances in rates than were allowed in the recent Western rate case. Surprise becomes astonishment as we read further that "the thought is growing that the country is getting what it deserves for abandoning the custom of making law by one set of representatives and administering it by another, for substituting government by commissions, which are legislators and think themselves judges, and in any case are inaccessible to public opinion." The Middle West is a huge empire, fertile enough to produce all manner of opinion. Yet not even the Middle West can make room for any considerable volume of sentiment in favor of throwing the rate-making function back into Congress and the state legislatures.

WHEN Miss Jane Addams speaks, the presumption is always that she has some very real thing to say. Nobody in the U. S. utters fewer unreal words. So surprise is all the greater when she allows things as she wishes they were to get between her and things as they probably are. We have no difficulty in believing her memory accurate when she says that an Oxford professor told her rum had been given to his son and nephew at the front, or that a German lieutenant told her a drug "containing sulphuric ether among other things" was given to his men before a bayonet charge. But even if we admit that the practice of giving alcohol or some other drug before a bayonet charge is almost universal in the British, French and German armies, we still do not understand Miss Addams's comment: "The average soldier is not sufficiently brutish and beastly to fight with cold steel against his brother man unless primed with drugs or strong drink." A world in which this was true would be quite different from a world in which an officer gives his men strong drink because he thinks it likely to help them charge all the way to the enemy's trench.

A FORM of robbery of the dead by "anarchists," which is "frankly based upon the lowest passions of human nature," has been exposed on the editorial page of the New York *Evening Sun*. The excuse for the crime the *Sun* has found to be envy, "an exalted principle of the new morality." The "unadulterated wickedness" of the crime, "its folly, its impracticability are sufficient to damn it in the eyes of all who are not delirious with class prejudice." Readers will no doubt by this time have recognized the monstrosity, the "high-handed and brutal spoliation" for which Mr. Frank Walsh has made himself sponsor. It is the proposal to establish an inheritance tax.

German Calculations

STEP by step we are being drawn into a conflict with Germany, through the incapacity of that country to play its own game. It is always possible to deal with an antagonist who is looking out for himself. You can appeal to his self-interest, to his reason, to his caution. You can foretell how he will act and react. When, however, you are seeking to come to terms with a man who has not come to terms with himself, or are negotiating with a nation which prefers the greater to the lesser evil and both to either, there is no way of making your point. You might as well stop making representations, protests and pleas. In the end you must trust to the bare chance that his errors will counterbalance each other, so that he will blunder egregiously into the right path.

The submarine campaign against merchant ships, which will be the incitement to such a German-American war, was the last card that the German Admiralty could play, when it saw its magnificent fleet bottled up at Kiel and its merchant marine rusting in neutral and British ports. It was a policy born of the desire to make inaccessible England smart for it. The bold little submarines would remind the British that they are islanders. They would encircle Great Britain, cut off her trade, starve her, bring her to her knees. But up to the present the submarine policy has been an utter failure. British imports increase so rapidly that London becomes despondent not over how to bring goods in but how to pay for them, once they are in. The more Britain is cut off, the more her commerce increases. Marine insurance remains low, and the losses of ships are more than counterbalanced by the new ships built. It is not improbable that in the end the Allies will be able to build enough small, swift, submarine-destroyers to patrol the really important stretches of sea; and at all events will be able to build new ships far more rapidly than Germany can sink them. It is therefore hardly likely that Germany in the near future can starve England and force her to a humiliating peace. But if she cannot do this, if she can only inflict petty and indecisive losses, then she is paying dear for her little victories. She is showing again that she does not know what is good for her.

Suppose the sinking of the Arabic and of one or two more British passenger boats does bring the United States into the war, what will Germany have gained thereby and what will she have lost? She will have inflicted, let us say, five or ten million dollars of damage upon Great Britain, or half as much as that country spends upon the war every day. She will have opened the door to the sinking of American vessels also, whatever that may mean to her.

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On the other hand she will have enormously increased the naval, economic and financial odds against her, and made eventual victory practically impossible. To do a few hundred million dollars of damage, she will enlist many billions of dollars against her. To spite England she will fight the United States. To sink a few boat-loads of ammunition, she will bring about a state of affairs in which the entire economic resources of the most powerful industrial nation in the world will be subordinated entirely to the task of placing arms in the hands of Germany's enemies. If Germany believes that we cannot increase the output and exportation of munitions of war, she grossly underestimates our ability. If she believes that in no circumstances and under no provocation shall we take the decisive step of throwing our whole economic resources against her, she displays utter ignorance of the lessons of our history.

In the winter of 1860 and in the spring of 1861, the peace movement in our northern states was still strong. Our Congress did nothing, though state after state seceded, and acts of aggression multiplied. Many men in the north urged that the erring sisters be allowed to depart in peace, and others proposed that a constitutional amendment be passed making slavery forever secure within the states. The desire for peace was so intense that it seemed as though we preferred slavery and secession to war. But the very people who in March, 1861, most opposed war were most opposed to ending it once it began. The same would be true to-day. If Germany is counting upon our unwillingness to see a war through, she will be disillusioned, to her and to our own great cost.

Mediaevalism in the Colleges

IF the American college is to have a part in that new educational movement which is beginning to make the school not merely a preparation for life but life itself, interested in what has meaning to the student at his particular age and situation, it will have to recast some of its most cherished practices and ideals. The large university to-day represents all stages in the adjustment of intellectual activity to social demands, from the intensely practical schools of engineering, correlating with the technical progress of industry, back to the departments of literary scholarship—perhaps as pure an anachronism as we have in the intellectual world to-day. The demands for technical knowledge have pulled the university along, as it were, by the nose, and strung it through the ages, so that a "professor" to-day may be an electrical expert fresh from Westinghouse, or an archaic delver into forgotten poetry.

The technical departments of the universities have kept bravely up with the work of "learning by doing." Laboratory and shopwork, practical coöperation with industry, contact with technical experts, have made the newer departments what they should be—energetic workshops where theory and practice constantly fertilize each other, and where the student comes out a competent technician in his craft. But the place of the college in this scheme becomes more and more anomalous. Devoted to the traditional studies—the literatures, mathematics, philosophy, history — it is still strangely reminiscent of old musty folkways of the schoolman and theologian. Every professor knows the desire of the average student to finish his college course and grapple with his professional studies. Every professor is aware of the sharp quickening of interest which comes on entrance to the professional schools. Though part of this feeling may be due to impatience to get out into the world, much of it certainly arises from a realization that at last one has come into a sphere where thinking means action. The college, with its light and unexacting labor, is cheerfully exchanged for the grind of the professional school, because the latter touches a real world.

Whereas the higher schools give the student active work to do, almost all the methods of the college teaching conspire to force him into an attitude of passivity. The lecture system is the most impressive example of this attitude, and the lecture system seems actually to get a tightening grip upon the modern college. As standard forms have become worked out, it is customary now actually to measure the student's course by the number of hours he exposes himself to lectures. For the college course to be organized on a basis of lectures suggests that nothing has happened since Abelard spoke in Paris to twelfth-century bookless men. It is as if the magic word had still to be communicated by word of mouth, like the poems of Homer of old. The emphasis is continually upon the oral presentation of material which the professor has often himself written in a textbook, or which could be conveyed with much greater exactness and fulness from books. These books the student knows only as "collateral reading." Nothing is left undone to impress him with the idea that the books and reviews and atlases are mere subsidiaries to the thin but precious trickle of the professor's voice.

Now there may be some excuse for the lecture in a Continental university, where the professor is a personality, is not compelled to lecture, and may make of his delivery a kind of intellectual ceremony.

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But American professors are not only likely to be atrocious lecturers, but to hate such compulsory talking as the sheerest drudgery. Too often their own palpable derision at the artificiality of it makes the lecture an effective barrier between the student's curiosity and its satisfaction. This is not to deny that the lecture might be made into a broad interpretative survey, which would give the student the clues he needs through the maze of books. This is exactly what the best college courses tend to become. But for this the college will need interpreters, and not the humdrum recorders and collators that it has a weakness for.

The continuance of the lecture system is only symptomatic of the refusal of the college to see clearly the changing ideals of scholarship. If the student has to think chiefly about exposing himself to the required number of lectures, and then to examinations which test his powers of receptivity, he will be forced into an attitude which we are discovering is the worst possible for any genuine learning. This passivity may have been all very well when education was looked upon as an amassing of the "symbols of learning," or the acquiring of invidious social distinction. The old college education was for a limited and homogeneous class. It presupposed social and intellectual backgrounds which the great majority of college students to-day do not possess. The idea of studying things "for their own sake," without utilitarian bearings, is seductive, but it implies a society where the ground had been prepared in childhood and youth through family and environmental influences. When higher education was confined almost entirely to a professional intellectual class, the youth was accustomed to see intellect in action around him. He did not come to college ignorant even of the very terms and setting of the philosophy and history and sociology studied there. Now, when all classes come to college, the college must give that active, positive background which in former generations was prepared for it outside. It must create the intellectual stomach as well as present the food.

We are learning that this can only be done by putting ideas to work, by treating the matter taught in the college as indispensable for any understanding or improvement of our modern world. In the technical schools, ideas and processes become immediately effective, but nothing in the college is really "used"; ideas are not put to work. Professors anxiously desire to "teach students to think," but they do not give them opportunities for that hard exercise which alone can produce trained thought. The college organs of expression, the debating clubs, literary magazines, newspapers, speaking contests, dramatic societies, etc., are usually amateurish, spasmodic, unreal. The flimsy background of the undergraduate is not to be wondered at where undergraduate expression in any channel is left by the college authorities unorganized and childish. And his low state must inevitably continue until ideas are not merely collected, with some vague idea of gilding the interior of his soul, but resolutely put to work. One reason for the overmastering devotion to athletics in the modern college is exactly its activity. In that field the student can do something. Here, thank God, he says, is a place where one can act!

To make intellectual expression and not receptivity the keynote of the college does not mean to turn it into an intellectual engineering school or to make it severely utilitarian. It should remain unspecialized, the field for working out a background for the contemporary social world. The paradox is that only by this practical exercise can any real cultural or scholarly power be attained. As long as the student can speak of "taking courses" the receptive and slightly medicinal character of college learning will be emphasized. Moreover, as the schools both above and below the college adjust themselves to the new conceptions of learning, the archaic forms of college will cause it to lag in the race. The reason for their persistence is, of course, that whereas the technical demands of industry and the keen emulation in the professions have sharpened the higher schools and forced a revision of ideals and methods, the practical application of the cultural studies of the college has not seemed so urgent. The turning of these cultural studies into power is to be the exact measure of our growing conviction that ideas and knowledge about social relations and human institutions are to count as urgently in our struggle with the future as any mathematical or mechanical formulas did in the development of our present.

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Industrial Conflict

Four Articles on the Reports of the Industrial Relations Commission

The Commission's Function

THE Industrial Relations Commission was created after the McNamara case had revealed dynamite beneath the social system. The country was literally frightened into an investigation. It was understood then that the purpose of the Commission was to diagnose unrest. But the country had not agreed what was to be its attitude towards "unrest," Congress never clarified its intentions, and ever since, the Commission, its friends, and its critics have been at cross purposes.

The largest group, the most conventionally minded, has assumed that unrest should be transformed into rest. They are perhaps the great mass of the American people. To them unrest is an inconvenience, a nuisance, and interference. They are ready to coerce labor into peace, or to throw it a few bones, and expect it to be satisfied.

A somewhat smaller group regards unrest as a symptom of real evils which need to be excised. This group is wise enough to know that when there is an outcry there must be a cause for it, and whenever there is sufficient outcry, then people show some tendency to act.

There is still another body of people who hold that unrest is the dynamic force in progress; that unrest is a sign of self-consciousness, of shattered complacency, of creative energy. They have an almost mystical belief in the value of friction.

Something is missing in all three points of view. Obviously we cannot desire the industrial peace which means a population too docile to protest, too dull to wish for better things. But neither can we rely upon unrest as a symptom, for there are desperate evils which do not show the symptom. A society might be placid and yet in decay. Finally, there is much of profound importance that no mere agitation can produce: the development of scientific standards, of laborious invention, the detailed, cumulative building of fine environments for the child, the worker, the family—all that requires a mood in which agitation plays a subordinate part.

The business of the Commission was to diagnose if it could the existing unrest, to reveal hidden evils about which an imaginative people would become restless, and to supply a machinery and technique by which not only the evils which are obvious, but the evils which aren't, could be met in a radically scientific manner. It was not expected to establish a quack peace, or to remedy merely those conditions which frighten us. Its great task was to prepare the ground and point the way by which the democracy could accumulate the experience and the power for humanizing the conditions under which it works.

The Walsh Report

IN order to understand the majority report of the Commission on Industrial Relations it is necessary to remember the temperament and training and ideals of Mr. Frank Walsh. For though it is stated that Mr. Basil Manly wrote the report, Mr. Walsh has undoubtedly secured the kind of report which he wished. Mr. Walsh started his investigation with a healthy dislike of the usual government document. He gazed at the labors of the Immigration Commission, so obscure and so expensive, decided that he would not be the sponsor of dull and unmanageable inquiries, of use only to a few professors who want to write books. He saw at once that his task was not only to find the truth, but to spread it; he was not a shrinking violet at the thought of modern advertising methods.

Another and greater thought influenced Mr. Walsh. He realized that the question of industrial relations was not so much a matter of quantitatively ascertained truth as it was a matter of what workingmen and employers thought and felt about the facts. With real penetration he saw that the philosophy, the opinions, the errors, the prejudices of men were the determining factor in industrial relations. He therefore paid scant attention to expert investigation, and devoted more of his time and money to public hearings. He set out to dramatize for the newspapers the psychology of industrial relations. He made no pretense of judicial poise. He hated with honorable human passion the devastating misery, the gigantic tyrannies, the accumulated riches, the complacency, the stupidity and the waste of our economic system. He was frankly on the side of the poor and the oppressed. He was determined that for once they should find in a governmental official some one who sympathized with the whole gamut of their suffering, some one who could voice with official sanction their indictment of America.

Mr. Walsh undoubtedly knew that Congress and the President never intended to have the kind of commission which he made of it. He was Jesuit enough to feel that his cause was good enough to justify him. So he took the bit between his teeth,

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dragged the rest of the reluctant and worried Commission after him, ran over any one who got in his way, discharged those who opposed him, jeered at the conservative press, and acted on the principle that those who weren't entirely for him were against him. He made many devoted friends and many bitter enemies. In a year of desperate reaction he stood out as an undaunted agitator, and became the leader around whom American radicalism has tried to rally.

As an agitator he must be judged. It is a waste of words to discuss his work from any other point of view, for he has never wanted to have any other point of view. How good an agitator has he been? He has dramatized great wrongs, he has displayed to the public the indifference of great financiers, he has shown the poverty of intention among the rich. He has lowered their prestige by exhibiting their irresponsibility. At the same time he has given an altogether new kind of hearing to labor, a respect which it has probably never before had from any government organ. Though conservative people will be surprised to hear it, Mr. Walsh has in all probability done a great deal to re-establish the confidence of labor in the promises of political action. He has also done much to stiffen the labor movement and conserve it against the despair of the general reaction. One other effect his work has had. By its crudity of attack it has drawn much loose sympathy to the rulers of industry. But, worst of all, it has probably scotched for many years to come the possibility of a permanent industrial commission. Congress is not likely soon again to bring forth another prodigy.

These rather vague effects of Mr. Walsh's activity are perhaps the most important net results. The report itself is little more than the coda after the great themes have been worked out by the full orchestra. But the report does nevertheless betray the final ineffectiveness of Mr. Walsh as an agitator. It shows a conventionality of mind which has prevented him from creating a cumulative and momentous propaganda.

As you read the report you are struck with the fact that any competent journalist might have written it. Although hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent, although many investigators have been at work, the product is a document which would have been trite to a radical magazine writer before Mr. Walsh appeared on the scene. To be sure, the statements it contains are not trite to the American public as a whole. But what assurance is there that Mr. Walsh's statements will be read and taken to heart when so many similar statements have been ignored? This is the disheartening fact about Mr. Walsh's work—not that he made so many speeches at the wrong time, but that his agitation is in the end commonplace and ineffective.

How could it have been otherwise, one may ask. The answer is that what the report lacks is that massing of evidence, that organized picture, which would give it a body and a life. As it now stands it is formless, eloquent, diffuse, and without any setting in the background of America. It is thin and verbal instead of being monumental and compelling. It lacks the organized plausibility which has won confidence in the Bryce report on Belgian atrocities. Inevitably it will sound like uncritical denunciation because it is a skeleton of evils instead of a tissue of realities, a series of abstract formulæ of wrongs and not a proportional survey of the life in which these wrongs occur. It will not sound like America to the readers of it, although it contains an enormous mass of desperate truth about America. These are not finicky and highfalutin standards. They are the standards by which one must estimate the enduring effectiveness of an agitation. They are the standards which Karl Marx applied to his work, and which have made portions of his writing the most penetrating agitation of our time. Mr. Walsh may smile and say that he lacks the genius of Marx, but he had as a substitute for genius infinitely greater resources and opportunities.

Mr. Walsh's early intuition that opinions were the important thing has betrayed him. It has stopped him from seeing that opinion needs not only to be expressed and heard, but to be corrected and sharpened. The only way that can be done is to provide machinery by which haphazard opinion can be made to face scientific inquiry. If, in addition to telling us what labor and capital believe, he had made an effort to tell us what trained experts believe, we should have had some criterion to bring order out of confusion. But Mr. Walsh not only fails to distinguish between what witnesses said and what investigators found; he suggests no machinery for the future by which the clash of views in the industrial struggle can be fertilized by a steady stream of carefully ascertained facts. In all his recommendations, which embrace everything from government ownership of railroads to laws against detective agencies, he suggests no means of securing constant illumination of conditions.

What he does is to say to Congress, "There are the evils. Take my word for them. There are some laws which occur to me as useful. Pass them." There is no indication that Mr. Walsh realizes that evils change their form, and that the bettering of industrial relations is not to be accomplished by specific laws, but by a constant invention of new devices. This report is static. It is written on the theory that society is definitely wrong and needs definitely to be righted. It remains oblivious of the

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fact that society is constantly changing, and that the only help for it is not to discover specific remedies, but to create a technique and an intellectual method and social machinery by which we can keep pace with change.

Mr. Walsh's faith in legislation is naïve. The early part of his report contains bitter and just denunciation of the way laws are made, interpreted and administered. The end is taken up with the recommending of laws which Congress could not find time to pass in a lifetime, and the government as to-day conducted could never think of administering. It seems content to throw the burden on our legislatures, to create no machinery for investigation, no machinery for invention, but to leave it all to an overworked, uninformed and helpless Congress.

This naïveté is nothing but another aspect of the failure to perceive that what the nation needs now is not specific laws, but a technique for dealing with the whole problem. In intellectual outlook Mr. Walsh is profoundly reactionary. He trusts to denunciation of evil, to the proposal of specific remedies, and their realization by the antiquated method of haphazard legislation. That trust will be disappointed now as in the past. Until there is created for the industrial problem a trustworthy machinery of investigation and permanent organs of representation, until trained men are introduced to invent and formulate, we shall simply muddle along between agitation and complacency.

The Commons Report

THE Report of the Industrial Relations Commission signed by Prof. John R. Commons and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, and concurred in with some exceptions by Commissioners Weinstock, Ballard and Aishton, will not carry well in the newspapers. It is not spectacular. It predicts no sudden, beneficent transformation. It attacks no one. It is wise but unexciting. It is significant, even revolutionary, and yet humdrum.

We apply the word revolutionary to this Report because it completely reverses our usual attitude towards labor legislation. In the past we have asked what ailed labor, and passed a law to remedy the evil. We did not much concern ourselves with the machinery for enforcing the law, and as a consequence it remained unenforced. But a law unenforced is no law at all. It is less than no law. We have piled up labor laws one above the other, and these laws have run out into perplexing detail. They have been enacted and repealed and re-enacted and declared unconstitutional, or have been left ambiguous and unenforceable, so that the actual protection of the labor law became a flickering, shadowy thing. The confusion of laws is now so inextricable that the Commissioners who signed the Commons Report were "forced to the conclusion that it is not worth while to propose any more laws until we have provided methods of legislation, interpretation and administration, by which they can be made enforceable."

At bottom, this fearful confusion, which has brought our legislatures and courts into disrepute, is to be traced to our fundamental theory of labor legislation. We have always believed that a legislature should enter into the details of law-making, and should determine what is to be the rule in hundreds of employments in thousands of different circumstances. But such a method is ludicrously inadequate. The legislators have not the time nor the special knowledge to enter properly into all this detail. Circumstances alter the application of the law, and what is fair in one industry, or in one part of the state or at one time of the year, is quite unfair at another. The legislature cannot make all these necessary adjustments. What is necessary is a continuous investigation of facts, for which the legislature is totally unfitted. All that it should do toward working out a labor policy is to establish the general standards and leave the task of filling in the details, of adapting the law to the circumstances, to an administrative body created specially for that purpose.

The Commons Report calls for such an administrative body, an industrial commission, of which there is to be one for each state and one for the United States, and under which are to be placed all bureaus or divisions dealing with all conditions of labor, including safety and sanitation, workmen's compensation, child labor, industrial education, statistics and immigration. The commissioners are to be appointed for a term of six years by the President or governor with the consent of the senate. In order that these commissioners shall be impartial, and satisfactory to the labor and capitalist interests involved, they are to be appointed only after consultation with the industrial council. This council, which has no veto power, is a coöperative and advisory body, representing employers and employees, and is intended to aid the governor in the selection of the industrial commission and the commissioners in the making of appointments, as well as to guarantee that all rules and regulations, investigations and publications of the commission shall be under the continuous supervision of organized labor and of organized capital. The members of the advisory council should be responsible to the organizations which they represent. The advisory council should resemble the superior councils of labor in France, Italy and Belgium, though with greater authority to participate in the work of administration.

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The Commons Report also discusses the proper organization of the industrial commission. It should appoint a secretary, bureau chiefs and other necessary employees, all of whom should have passed civil service examinations, in the conduct of which the industrial council should have taken part. The entire value of the commission depends upon the character of the men who are invested with authority, and success is impossible if the employees are political lame ducks or are selected by ill-informed and technically unequipped civil service commissioners. The commission should organize under such bureaus as it thinks proper, but each member should be directly and primarily responsible for a given portion of the work.

So organized, the industrial commission is to make all rules and regulations necessary for carrying into effect the provisions of the labor law. This may be done by retaining the existing laws and allowing the commission to make additional regulations to give them effect, or by repealing all labor laws and establishing certain standards to be attained by action of the commission. Thus the legislature may declare that all places of employment shall be safe and sanitary, and leave it to the commission to determine in each case, subject finally to judicial review, what is safe and what is sanitary. Or the legislature may forbid employers to permit any employee to work for such hours of labor or at such times as to be dangerous to his or her life, health, safety or welfare, with the understanding that in each case such hours or times will be determined by the industrial commission, acting in conjunction with the industrial council.

It is of course conceded that the powers of such an industrial commission, whether it be state or federal, would be very wide, but there are many advantages of this method of labor administration, and safeguards could be provided against abuses. The courts have generally held that the delegation to an administrative commission of the power to make rules is constitutional, and the industrial commissions, which already exist in seven states, are fairly comparable with numerous health, public utility, railroad and other commissions, the constitutionality of which has been established. Moreover, the Commons Report proposes that any person in interest, employer or employee, shall be entitled to petition the commission for a hearing on any order of the commission, and such person in interest shall also be entitled "to bring a special action to test the legality or reasonableness of any provision of the labor laws or of any rules and regulations made thereunder."

But the chief safeguard against an abuse of the large powers vested in these industrial commissions lies in the constant coöperation of the employers and employees acting through the industrial council. The Commons Report recommends that the federal industrial commission shall make investigations on wages, hours of labor, health, safety, unemployment, insurance and all subjects affecting the welfare of workers and the relations of employers and employees, including strikes, lockouts, boycotts and blacklists, but in all such investigations "no publication is to be made or any rules issued without previously submitting the same to all members of the industrial council, with opportunity for criticism, the latter to be published at the same time."

Upon this question of the veracity and impartiality of investigations, declares the Commons Report, depends the entire success of administration by labor commissions. "Employers, employees, and the general public should be able to rely implicitly for their conclusions on official statistics on wages, hours of labor, health, safety, cost of living, unemployment, costs of production, distribution of wealth, strikes, boycotts, and all other material facts bearing on the relations of capital and labor. All labor legislation, all administration of labor laws, all efforts at mediation and arbitration, all recommendations of public bodies, go back, for their justification, to statistics and investigations."

In short, the whole idea of labor legislation by means of administrative order, issued after thorough investigation by an impartial industrial commission, coöperating with the representatives of all parties, rests upon the assumption that there is a certain basis of common interest between labor and capital. The Commons Report assumes that there is a chronic and permanent class conflict between employer and employee, which conflict is to be fought out in factory and in legislature. There is, however, a common interest of these two parties in the fair and orderly administration of reasonable laws, and once the employer understands that he is dealing with an impartial administrative body, representing no merely hostile interest, once he is invited to help make the law which he has to obey, his former opposition oozes. In all states where the industrial commission system is being tried, the coöperation of employer and employee in the making of the law is the chief guarantee of its successful administration.

The internal friction which resulted in the break-up of the Industrial Relations Commission into a group of factions will perhaps postpone the creation of a permanent federal industrial commission. Sooner or later, however, the nation will be obliged to go over to labor law administration by means of permanent industrial commissions, along some such lines as those which have been laid down in the Commons Report.

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A Fund for Social Welfare

IT would be a sheer waste of energy to propose an ambitious social welfare plan for the United States without an accompanying project for financing it. Our current revenues are none too copious for the services already undertaken by the government. Moreover, a governmental social welfare plan presents peculiar features, demanding special financial treatment. Expenditures for military and naval needs, for public improvements, etc., which at present make up a very large proportion of all our federal expenditures, may be permitted to vary widely from year to year. The cost of administration of workingmen's compensation and similar laws ought to be fairly constant. The same thing is true of social insurance laws. If, for example, disability and old-age insurance are undertaken by government, the amounts to be paid out will fluctuate very little, except in consequence of changes in rate of benefit permitted by law. A financial policy that would at times be unduly generous to such services and at other times would starve them is not to be thought of. The difficulties of the teachers of New York with their pension fund give some small indication of what hardships might be anticipated from the failure of adequate and certain revenues for social insurance, once undertaken.

Accordingly, the Commons Report of the Commission on Industrial Relations proposes the enactment of a federal inheritance tax law with rates rising from one per cent on the excess of fortune over $25,000 to fifteen per cent on estates above $1,000,000, the proceeds of which are to be assigned to social welfare ends. The inheritance tax is practically an undeveloped resource in the United States. At present many of the states levy such taxes, but the aggregate revenue collected amounts to only $25,000,000. Much larger revenues could be secured from this source, without seriously invading the legitimate expectations of heirs. Some of our states do indeed levy extremely heavy rates on estates going to strangers. California takes thirty-five per cent of an estate of a million or more falling to a person beyond the remotest legally recognized degree of kinship. But estates of a million hardly ever go to strangers. The heavy rates they are required to pay, as the report says, are something of a humbug from a financial point of view. It is through a development of taxes upon inheritances falling to direct heirs that substantial revenues are to be obtained. A progressive inheritance tax levied on all classes of heirs at the same rates that now prevail in Great Britain would yield a revenue of $240,000,000—almost ten times the yield of the present state inheritance taxes. Such a revenue would go far toward providing adequate financial support for social welfare legislation. Moreover, it would be a revenue capable of further development. Without change in the rates it would increase automatically with the growth of wealth; and there is no reason for supposing that rates equal to the British are the maximum that can wisely be levied in future.

The authors of the Minority Report do not conceal their regret that under the Constitution federal taxation of inheritances cannot exclude state taxation. There is something inherently absurd in the attempt of the states to tax large fortunes, the physical basis of which is almost always interstate. Few recognize the legal and administrative complications to which this situation actually gives rise. The whole of an inheritance may be taxed in the state of residence of the decedent, and the several parts of it in a score of other states where the property is situate. A New York lawyer once cited to the writer a case in which he had been compelled to work up the laws and administrative rulings of eighteen state jurisdictions before a modest fortune (or its remnants) could pass from uncle to nephew. The Minority Report proposes to allow a certain federal subsidy, say fifty cents per capita of the population, to states giving up their inheritance taxes or refraining from enacting laws levying such taxes. This plan would reduce the revenue for social welfare purposes by $50,000,000, but the remainder would probably be ample for the needs at present contemplated in the report.

The feature of the Minority Report most likely to excite attack is the proposal to create a "Federal Fund for Social Welfare." What is proposed is that the proceeds of the federal inheritance tax, in so far as they are not required to cover current needs, shall be placed in trust with the Federal Reserve Board for investment in securities approved by Congress. The income from these investments should be expended by the federal industrial commission for such purposes of industrial and social welfare as Congress might authorize. This would be to create a revenue independent of taxation, which might conceivably grow to such magnitude, under the operation of the law, as to take care of all the social welfare services that the federal government might find it expedient to undertake.

The report does not offer an extended defense of this proposal, but anyone familiar with finance and administration will readily perceive the advantages of the plan. It would be a comparatively simple matter to devise an inheritance tax law that would yield a net federal revenue of $200,000,000, but it would not be desirable immediately to impose upon a new organ of social welfare administration

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the necessity of expending this huge sum or even a tithe of it. Nor would it be desirable to collect such a tax and cover the surplus into the treasury, to foster the growth of other expenditures that could not later be easily discontinued, or to make possible the dropping of other revenues that could only with difficulty be reinstituted. The Minority Report wisely favors coöperation of federal, state and local agencies in social welfare work, and a growing fund for social welfare, insuring means for continuous subsidies, would place the federal authorities in position to direct the development of state and local agencies without interfering directly with local autonomy. In its logical development the fund for social welfare would be an agency for transferring some part of the income-yielding wealth from private to public possession, to be held in trust for the weakest and most needy members of the state.

It is worth calling attention to the argument given in the Report for the assignment of inheritance taxes to social welfare purposes. The need for social welfare legislation arises out of the fact that wages in American industries are not generally adequate to cover the cost of living and to provide against such untoward incidents of life as sickness, invalidity and superannuation. Property values represent a capitalization of property income; and in so far as property income is increased by virtue of the low cost of labor—*i.e.*, low wages—property values are greater than they would be in a state in which labor is better served. It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that of the $4,000,000,000 and more passing by death each year, some part should be taken by the state to relieve the most grievous needs of the industrial working class. We may add that social stability will be much better established when the workers realize that some part of the property income from every important industrial enterprise flows into the coffers of a fund for social welfare. Such a fund would represent a method of identifying the interests of labor and capital consonant with the socialized character of modern industry.

German Freedom

THERE is a fine theory of Hegel's that the universe exists in order to realize freedom. In Oriental despotisms, he tells us, only one man was free. In ancient republican cities a minority, the aristocracy of citizens, obtained freedom. Now at last freedom has extended to all; not, however, as we might fondly suppose, in free and casual America, but under the perfect organization of the Prussian monarchy. For freedom in the mouth of German philosophers has a very special meaning. It does not refer to any possibility of choice or to any private initiative. It means rather that sense of freedom which we acquire when we do gladly and well what we should have to do anyhow, as when in passing from a close room into the open air we say we breathe freely at last. German freedom is like the freedom of the angels in heaven who see the face of God and cannot sin. It lies in such a deep love and understanding of what is actually established that you would not have it otherwise; you appropriate and bless it all and feel it to be the providential expression of your own spirit. You are enlarged by sympathy with your work, your country, and the universe, until you are no longer conscious of the least distinction between the Creator, the state and yourself. Your compulsory service then becomes perfect freedom.

For liberal freedom, for individualism, these philosophers have a great contempt. They say a man is nothing but the sum of his relations to other things, and if he should throw off one after another these constitutive bonds, he would find his private residuum of a self to be a mathematical point and a naked cipher, incapable of willing or of choosing anything. And they further say that a dutiful soul is right in feeling that the world it accepts and coöperates with is its own work; for, according to their metaphysics, the world is only an idea which each man makes after his own image, and even as you are, so is the world you imagine you live in. Only a foolish recalcitrant person, who does not recognize the handiwork of his own spirit about him, rebels against it, and thereby cancels his natural freedom; for everywhere he finds contradictions and closed doors and irksome necessities, being divided against himself and constantly bidding his left hand undo what his right hand is doing. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, it is only when you conform that you are free, while if you rebel and secede you become a slave. Your spiritual servitude in such a case would only be manifesting itself in a phenomenal form if the government should put you in prison.

The national expression of this kind of freedom is what the Germans call *Kultur*, a word not well understood in other countries. Every nation has certain characteristic institutions, certain representative writers and statesmen, past and present, certain forms of art and industry, a certain type of policy and moral inspiration. These are its *Kultur*,

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its national tradition and equipment. When by education the individual is brought to understand all these things, to share their spirit and life, and to be able to carry them forward faithfully, then he has absorbed the *Kultur* in his own person. *Kultur* is transmitted by systematic education. It is not, like culture, a matter of miscellaneous private attainments and refined tastes, but, rather, participation in a national purpose and in the means of executing it. The adept in this *Kultur* can live freely the life of his country, possessing its secret inspiration, valuing what it pursues and finding his happiness in those successes which he can help it to attain. *Kultur* is a lay religion, which includes ecclesiastical religion and assigns to it its due place.

German *Kultur* resembles the polity of ancient cities and of the Christian Church in that it constitutes a definite, authoritative, earnest discipline, a training which is practical and is thought to be urgent and momentous. It is a system to be propagated and to be imposed. It is all-inclusive and demands entire devotion from everybody. At the same time it has this great advantage over the classic systems, that it admits variations. At Sparta, in Plato's Republic, and in the Catholic Church the aims and constitution of society were expected to remain always the same. The German ideal, on the contrary, not only admits evolution, but insists upon it. Like music, it is essentially a form of movement. According to the philosophers, however, the form of this movement is fixed by the absolute genius of the composer, and prescribes the way in which the changes shall go on. Evolution thus introduces life into this ideal, but does not admit ambiguities. In this sense the German law of progression is as inexorable as the classic model of form.

The more reasonable theorists of German *Kultur* introduce another qualification, which, if admitted, is of the greatest importance, namely, that German *Kultur* is not to be extended to other nations. H. S. Chamberlain, for instance, the author of *Die Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts,* makes a special point of contrasting the universal claims of the Roman and Napoleonic empires and of the Catholic Church with the aspirations of German genius, which, he says, is infinite inwardly, being capable of endless growth and modification by men of Teutonic blood, yet is limited externally or in space, in that it is not communicable to other races. Non-Teutons should never be summoned, therefore, to acquire the German spirit, which they would only pollute. Their proper rôle is rather to stand by, no doubt overawed and filled with admiration, but left without hope or fear of being assimilated. Yet as the church could admit that there might be unconscious and virtual Christians among the heathen, who might by exception be saved, so there may be sporadic manifestations of Teutonic genius in unforeseen quarters. Shakespeare, Dante, and Christ were virtual and unconscious Germans.

There is, of course, a less indulgent Germanism, which has on its side the authority of Fichte and Hegel, the enthusiasm of the pan-Germans and that lust for boundless ascendancy which enterprise and war naturally foster in anybody who has carried them on passionately and successfully. According to this stricter view, the whole world is to be subjugated and purified by the German nation, which alone inherits the undefiled language and religion of Eden, and must assign to the remaining creole races, descended from savages and ultimately perhaps from monkeys or devils, such tasks as they are capable of. The masters, being by nature generous and kind, will allow their slaves, after their work is done, to bask in despicable happiness, since happiness is all that slaves are capable of living for; but they will be proudly commanded by a race of hard, righteous, unhappy, heroic German experts, with blue eyes fixed on the eternal ideal.

The admission that German *Kultur* is merely national, which might seem to promise peace and good will, may be turned in this way into a sinister claim to absolute dominion. The ancients and the church had supposed that all men, though endowed with talent and goodness in the most various degrees, had qualitatively the same nature. The same passions, the same arts, and the same salvation were proper to them all. The servant, in furthering the aims of his betters, served what his own soul potentially loved and was capable of appropriating; there could be no religion and love in his subordination. Reciprocally the master could feel respect and affection for his servants, who were his wards and his god-children. The best things in classic life—religion, poetry, comradeship, moral sagacity—were shared by the humblest classes and expressed their genius. The temple, the church, the agora, the theatre, Socrates, and the saints were of the people.

German *Kultur,* on the contrary, boasts that it is not the expression of diffused human nature, but the product of a special and concentrated free will. It is therefore incommunicable, unrepresentative. It is not felt by any one else to realize his ideal, but seems foreign to him, forced and unamiable. Every nation loves its idiosyncrasies and, until it reflects, thinks its own balance of faculties, like its language, more natural than other people's. But the prophets of Germanism have turned this blameless love of home and its sanctities into a deliberate dogma that everything German has a divine superiority. This dogma they have foisted on a flattered and trustful nation, with the command to foist it on the rest of the world. The fatuity of this is nothing new,

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many nations and religions having shared it in their day, and we could afford to laugh at it, if by direct and indirect coercion it did not threaten to trespass upon our liberties.

What is universally acceptable in German *Kultur* is what it contains that is not German but human, what with praiseworthy docility it has borrowed from the ancients, from Christianity, from the less intentional culture of its modern neighbors. The Teutonic accent which these elements have acquired is often very engaging; it adds to them a Gothic charm for the lack of which mankind would be the poorer. But the German manner, in art, in philosophy, in government, is no better, in its broad appeal to human nature we may fairly say it is worse, than the classic manner which it hopes to supersede. It is avowedly a product of will, arbitrary, national, strained; it is not superior to what other nations possess or may create but only different, not advanced but eccentric. To study it and use it for a stimulus may be profitable in times and places of spiritual famine or political chaos, but to impose it as normal, not to say as supreme, would be a plain invasion of human liberty.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The Killing of Different Man

NOT that he was so very unlike you or me, even if he was a Reservation Indian, tried and found guilty of murder by twelve good men and true (and white), and in Minnecadusa jail waiting to be hanged. When his mother first opened her eyes after the burst of anguish that gave him light, they fell upon a man other than one she had expected to see. And so he came by his name of Different Man, instead of Rainbow-on-the-Hill, or White-Faced Bull, or other name to appeal to the Indian amateurs of the Eastern seaboard.

I had known Different Man from the time he was a gawky boy of fourteen, with the legs of his jeans stopping short half-way down his spare brown calves. He never amounted to much. He would come into my store and try to get goods on credit, especially tobacco and New Orleans molasses. He had a sweet tooth, and he would stand at the counter and beg. "My uncle, he send me for tobacco; one-half plug, Climax. Please. My uncle, he sick, must have tobacco, Climax. He pay Monday; he come to store. One-half plug, Climax, please."

"Go 'way, you trifler; you haven't got any uncle. Can't get any tobacco here. Go up to my house and chop half a cord of wood. I'll give you a whole plug and some molasses, too." His jaw would drop and his eyes would take on a sad blue-black hue. He hated work more than he loved tobacco and molasses. He knew I kept a pile of dry ash wood especially for him. He never seemed to bear a grudge against me for it, though one day, when his dog snapped at me, he said, "My dog, his heart is bad because you won't give me tobacco for my uncle."

Everybody, Indian and white, thought he was a good-for-nothing, but that didn't trouble Sunshine-in-the-Eyes. She was a likely girl, not so bad-looking when you're used to Indians. Her mother, a frightful old squaw, looked higher, and set the dogs on Different Man and tore him up considerably. He was not discouraged, however, and one dark night he crept up and stole the girl right out of the hut while the old squaw slept. He hadn't even a tepee for his bride, but it was May, and they lived in the willows for several weeks. When the June rains came on they would sneak into town, and I would let them have a blanket for the night in the back of my store.

One morning Different Man left the girl in the store and went to the other end of the town to clean out a stable. He wanted to earn a dollar to pay me for some green beads Sunshine-in-the-Eyes had cajoled out of me. I told him they were a gift, but he would not have it so. As soon as he was well out of sight, in came the old squaw. She had known all along that they were coming to my store, though they had thought they were making a successful secret of it. I told the squaw the girl had gone, but she said I lied, and started to go through the store. I tried to put her out, but such a scene as there was when she dragged her daughter from behind the flour barrels! Finally the girl gave in and let herself be led down to the river, where her mother put her into a canoe and slipped off downstream. Different Man came back at noon. I told him what had happened, and he crumpled up and said, "My heart is bad." I gave him a drink—it wasn't lawful, of course, but I couldn't help it—and he started off on a trot down the river.

About a week later I heard that he had found them, and had smashed in the old squaw's skull with a club. Next day the officers got him at a dance. He had a fair trial; nothing to object to, except perhaps that they brought in two of his enemies, Black Bull and Walking Squirrel, to testify falsely to his bad character. I hoped they would let him off with life imprisonment, considering the provocation, but the law wasn't taking any chances with bad Indians. So he was sentenced to be hanged between the 10th and 25th of September. I suppose they put it in that way to make a sheriff earn his money. How does a man feel when he gets up in the morning if he is obliged to

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say to himself, "Well, shall I go out and hang him this morning, or shall I put it off till to-morrow?"

On the 24th of September I went down to Minnecadusa on business and put up at the hotel. That evening a man came to my room and introduced himself as the sheriff. I said I didn't know that I cared if he was a sheriff; I hadn't been doing anything unlawful recently. He grinned in a sickly way and said he wanted to ask a favor of me. He understood I'd come from the Reservation and knew most of the Indians; would I go over to the jail with him and tell Different Man it was going to be the next day? I didn't like it, but the sheriff was plainly all gone to pieces, so I went. Different Man shouted with joy as I entered his cell. He took my hand and wouldn't let it go, and inquired about the agency, and asked how my wife and babies were—he had been devoted to my family. Then he said: "The men here are all liars. They have two tongues, one for me and one for themselves. I ask them, 'When are you going to kill me?' They say, 'Pretty soon, maybe.' You have one tongue, Mr. Spenser. Tell me, when will they kill me?"

"To-morrow, Different Man."

"Good."

It hadn't been so very difficult, after all. I returned to the hotel and went to bed, but I wasn't very sleepy, so I got up and lit a cigar and started in on an old Chicago paper I found in my closet. I read it through about four times before I began to feel sleepy, and then it was nearly morning. I was just dozing off when there was a knock at my door.

"Mr. Spenser! Say, Mr. Spenser! I'm going to do it now. Won't you please come along?"

"For God's sake," I said, "go and kill your Indian yourself. It's not my job."

"I'm sick, and I ain't sure I can get through with it. I never hung a man. I wouldn't have run for this damn office if I'd thought I'd have to. I've tried to get a deputy, but there ain't a man will do the job."

I was feeling pretty cross. A pretty big imposition, to ask that sort of thing of a perfect stranger. But I knew the sheriff would hang around until I came out of my room, even if the execution had to be postponed until sundown. So I dressed, took a nip from my flask, and went out into the hall. The sheriff was waiting, all huddled up on a settee. What a state he was in!

When we got to the jail he gave me the key to the cell; he wanted to stay in the fresh air. As I opened the door of the cell Different Man leaped from his cot and greeted me gaily. He was smoking a cigar, pulling at it for dear life.

"Have you come to kill me?"

"Yes."

He took the cigar from his lips and looked at it regretfully. Two-thirds unfinished, and life so short! "Give it to the man in the other cell," he said. "I don't need it."

"Have you any message you want me to take, Different Man? Anything you want to leave to anybody?"

The Indian reflected a moment. "Yes." I sharpened my pencil.

"You, Black Bull, you big liar, you, I 'queathe and devise to you one section good land, with house and barn and hay land, if you find him. You, Walking Squirrel, you big liar, I 'queathe and devise to you one two-horse wagon and one span mules, if you find him. You, Sunshine-in-the-Eyes, you left me; my heart is bad. I 'queathe and devise to you my sorrel pony, and my saddle and bridle. My heart is bad, my head is good. I die."

It puzzled Different Man that I should take so long about folding up a bit of paper.

"Different Man," I said, drawing a cord from my pocket. "The sheriff asked me to tie your hands behind your back."

"All right." He turned his back to me and threw back his arms, firm and warm.

"Come on, now," I said, praying that the business might be finished before I reached a state equivalent to the sheriff's. We struck across the yard, the sheriff falling in behind us. Different Man ascended the steps of the scaffold, light as a bird. I helped the sheriff to mount them.

"We've got to tie his legs together," whispered the sheriff, gasping. "Here, take this rope."

I wouldn't touch it. The sheriff knelt beside Different Man and put the rope around his legs. The Indian looked down in grave surprise. "Are you going to hang me by the feet?"

"No," I explained. "We have to tie your legs together so you won't kick so. It looks awful, you know."

"Oh!" One of the white man's peculiar decencies, to be accepted like life or death.

"I never can tie that damn knot," wailed the sheriff. "Please, Mr. Spenser—"

Well, I tied the knot. Different Man's legs stood like bronze columns as I drew the rope about them. Mine did not.

We got the job off, somehow. If you must know, it was I that killed Different Man. That worthless sheriff couldn't get the mask over his head—a perfectly simple operation when you're doing it, horrible when it's done. Next there was the noose. Of course, I had to take it off the sheriff's hands. Finally I had to spring the trap, and had to hold the sheriff from jumping off the scaffold as I did it.

I don't know how it seems to you, but it somehow doesn't seem right to me. Did I execute Dif-

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ferent Man, or did I just kill him? It seems to me I killed him. Maybe it wouldn't seem so hideous to me if I had killed him while the crime was still fresh in him and while vengeance was still hot in my heart. But after three months no living soul had a thing against Different Man, and his crime had had time to ooze out of him. He was again just the same Indian, of no account, trifling but square enough, that I had known for ten years.

And maybe it would seem all right to me if I had been a duly constituted officer of the law. If that sheriff had made me his deputy—something he couldn't possibly have done . . . Suppose, though, that I had accepted the post of deputy. I could pretend that not I, but the law, killed Different Man. But as it is, I have nothing whatever to hide behind. I broke the neck of a man, not by any means the worst man I've known, a man who looked upon me as his friend. Why? Just to oblige another man, not very much of a man, either; a man I had never seen before that September evening, and never want to see again.

Our League for Improving the Rich

IN appealing to the public for aid in improving the lives of the rich we have met certain prejudices, even among benevolent people. They grant that many rich people are unhappy and lead miserable lives, but nevertheless they make these assertions:

(1) When people are distressingly rich it must be their own fault.

(2) Nobody has to stay rich if he'll just make an effort.

(3) If he won't make an effort, he is probably a very bad lot.

We believe these assertions are mistaken in every particular. The rich are not really a bad lot, taking them all in all. If it weren't for their money they would be indistinguishable from the rest of us. Money brings out their weaknesses. Can we blame them? Would it not bring out ours? A moderate addiction to money may not always be hurtful. But taken in excess it's notoriously bad for the health, it limits one's chance of indulging in nice simple pleasures, and in many cases it lowers the whole moral tone. The rich admit this—of each other; but what can they do? Once any victim has begun to accumulate money, he's dependent on having it. He actually gets in a state where he wants more and more. Do not sneer at the man; you would probably do the same in his place. You see, it affects him the way drugs and drink do the poor. It benumbs him with similar joys. He cannot give it up. When you urge him to pull himself together, to summon his manhood and try, only *try*, for a while to depend on himself, and rely for his needs year by year on his yearly exertions, he tells you he'd like to, perhaps, but he hasn't the strength. He can't take life that way. He can't face the world even a month without money in the bank.

Even so, you may ask, why don't the rich come to us for our advice, if they're troubled? Ah, they have their pride. Their unfortunate weakness for money may blacken their lives, but they suffer in silence. They try to conceal it all from us. We might never know to what straits many rich folk have come, were it not for the newspapers and their kindly society columns. Bless their noble insistence on showing us the lives of the rich, their portraying with such loving care each detail of their ways!

Now, it's no easy matter to reform these rich people offhand. Just to call at their houses and advise them, when you aren't too busy—that would be a kindness, of course, but quite far from a cure. The trouble is this: they show small disposition to profit by casual visits. They deem them intrusions. A good-hearted reformer nearly always endangers his comfort, and he may risk his life, trying to get in past rich people's butlers. Don't go in those districts at all, that is this League's advice. The drinking, the suspicion, the quarrels and shooting affrays, armed watchmen, fast motors—all these make those streets quite unsuited for decent folks' use.

What, then, shall we do? We can't just walk selfishly off and go mind our own business. The rich are our brothers. How can the rest of us let ourselves be truly happy when our brothers are suffering?

That's where this League steps forward. This League provides ways in which any reformer can help.

(1) It establishes neighborhood houses in all the rich centers, where those who can stand it can go and live just like the rich. This enables a few of us to mingle with them, day by day, and gradually brighten their outlook and alter their standards.

(2) It sends trained welfare workers to inspect the most desperate cases and gently reform one by one their conditions of living.

(3) It instructs volunteers in the best methods of rich relief work, especially methods of relieving the rich of their wealth.

The most common type we treat is the man who

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is making great efforts to keep other people from getting his money away from him. Men have died from this strain. To securely invest any money is a strain in itself; but, besides all the worries a man has to face doing this, he is also exposed to innumerable pressing appeals to devote what he has to some new educational uses, or to lend it to friends in great straits, or give aid to the sick. These appeals being endless and infinite, he must learn to refuse them, and this means an unceasing struggle to harden his heart. Then there are the attacks that the socialists make on all property; he sees these in the papers and they rouse his fears, and his anger, and shatter his nerves. All in all, it's a terrible load.

It means much to a man when our League takes this weight off his mind.

Women, too, need our aid. Let us cite just a few special cases we have helped in the past:

Case 102

Case 102 was a wealthy and ignorant girl who was found one cold morning exhibiting toy dogs at a show. The dogs had been eating heartily, but the poor girl was living on raw carrots, for her complexion. She had a hardened disposition, dull outlook, and deficient physique. Her home was like a furniture warehouse, especially her bedroom, a huge, over-decorated chamber, where she slept all alone. After a friendly study had been made of her case, her money was quietly taken away by degrees, this being accomplished with the aid of an old family lawyer, who became genuinely interested in helping her out in this way; and when she had thus reached a healthfully destitute state, a husband was found for her in the janitor of a Hoboken flat. This man is often kind to her when she does well in her work. She has now for the first time become really interested in life. When we last saw this case, she was occupying a dark but cosy little basement, where she was sleeping three in a bed and had six children, though only four are now living with her, the others having run away; and her days were filled to the brim with wholesome toil.

Case 176

Case 176 was an elderly clubman who had for many years quite brutally terrorized his small family, his outbreaks being attributed by him to the coffee. He said and believed if his coffee were carefully made he would be content. Investigation showed this wasn't the root of the trouble. Itwas his money. By nature a fighter, what he really needed was plenty of personal conflicts, but his money prevented. He had so much of it that in spite of this League's warm encouragement, it took two of the highest-priced nerve specialists nearly a month to relieve him of his property. When this was done, however, employment was secured for the old gentleman on the police force, where his peculiar gift of ferocity could find more room for use. The coffee in the station-house was very fortunately execrable, and this stirred him to a pitch which soon made him the ablest patrolman in his ward. He was then sent to clean up the three toughest districts in town, which he did with the utmost rigor in less than four days, completely overawing, single-handed, their turbulent gangs. At the police parade, recently, we saw him getting a medal for his work, the gift of a citizens' committee of his former fellow clubmen. At the head of this committee, it may be added, was his former pastor, who had often reproached him in the old days for his profanity and violence. It is these very qualities that are now winning him a warm place in the community's heart. Meantime constant letters of gratitude come from his family, who have been removed to a quiet industrial farm, and whose thankfulness is touching for the peace that has come into their lives.

Case 190

Case 190 was a baffling one in some ways. It was that of a dyspeptic society woman who spent her evenings at functions. She suffered greatly from colds, yet felt obliged to wear large, chilly collars of diamonds, and to sit in an open opera box unprotected from drafts. Although fretful and unhappy, she objected so strongly, nevertheless, to going without money that two district visitors were asked to devise other methods, one of these visitors being a trained dietician. They removed several disease-breeding cats from the home, had the French chef deported, and taught the poor woman to live on a few simple dishes that would nourish her properly. These alleviatory arrangements resulted in some slight improvement. Like all halfway measures, however, they left her cure incomplete.

Then, almost by accident, a dealer in investment securities lost most of her fortune, and the balance was taken by some cheery university presidents, who made her build infirmaries for them in spite of rebuffs. Soon after she had thus been thrown on her resources a place was found for her to do ironing in a nice warm steam laundry, one of the high-grade ones where they put in the chemicals by hand. The light exercise this work gives her has cured her dyspepsia. She now gets through at nine-thirty evenings, instead of sitting up till midnight; and as she can wear a red-flannel undersuit, she has no more colds.

Other cases must be summarized instead of presented in detail. Anaemic young belles who were kept in ill-ventilated rooms, eating twelve-course dinners, have been removed to those open piers on

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the river where they can dance with strong, manly grocers, or aldermen even, and where the pure, healthful air soon brings back the color to their cheeks. Gentlemen suffering from obesity have been taken to an old-fashioned woodyard, or, if entirely unskilled, given jobs in the subway. Hundreds of desperate children have been rescued from the tyranny of nurse girls—who punished the poor little things each time they romped or shouted, and who shackled them daily in stiff and thick bundles of clothing—and have been turned loose, one and all, on the lively East Side, where they can join in the vigorous games of the slums. Most rewarding of all, perhaps, are the young men of means who have been saved from lives of indescribable folly.

We cannot say more of the League's work in this brief report. We will simply remind you that though we have done all we could, the distress that still exists in the homes of the rich is very great. Even chronic cases are still obliged to shift for themselves. Families continue to engage in poisonous quarrels, idleness and chronic unemployment remain unabated, and unsound hygienic ideas persist in depriving their unfortunate victims of true mental vigor and sleep. But surely the nation will not let this go on forever. The hearts of our people are kind. They just haven't thought.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Vienna

VIENNA is one of Europe's great capitals, the seat of an empire; at present, now that the Russians are in retreat from Galicia, the seat of a victorious empire. Yet the atmosphere of Vienna is not the atmosphere of victory.

I walked through a great park there one sunny afternoon and watched the children playing. The boys were all wearing sailor caps, and I amused myself reading the names of the ships. I was surprised to find among them the "U. S. S. Pennsylvania" and "New York." Continuing to read, I observed also—I was scarcely able to believe my eyes—"H. M. S. London," "Terrible" and "Bulwark." This caused no comment. One saw the "London," the "U-9" and the "Radetzky" peacefully crowded together over the same mud pie. In other words, the boys who triumphantly carried the insignia of the Emden or the Kaiserin Elizabetha showed no hard feeling toward those who bore the shameful mark of British "navalism." No doubt the economical instinct of careful Viennese housewives was responsible for this state of affairs, but imagine what would happen to a boy in Hyde Park or in the Champs Elysées who wore a "U-9" cap, or to a boy in Berlin with the "London."

The truth is that Vienna doesn't care. I am told that very recently a city ordinance was passed there putting an end to the cap scandal, but the feeling which underlies that scandal is beyond the power of the court. In Buda Pest, as in Berlin, such a thing simply could not happen.

But Vienna is between two fires—between Tirpitz and Tisza. Win or lose, Vienna's day is done; the road which Cracow went and Warsaw went opens before her steps. Found wanting in the day of trial, it is in Berlin and Buda Pest, not in Paris or London, that one hears her condemnation. "Not all the devils in hell," said Tisza before the Hungarian Parliament when Italy declared war, "shall prevail against us." "Till the last German is killed," says Berlin. And what do they say of Vienna, of her officers, her royal family, her influence—"less of a help than a hindrance."

"It is wonderful," Vienna says, "how we of different races, Austrians, Slavs, Ruthenians, Italians, Transylvanians, Bohemians, have held together." This is quite true, but it is behind the Hungarian leadership that they fight. Hungary is a nation, Austria is a seat of government—that is the difference.

Vienna would like to have her life—her culture, music, good breeding—guaranteed by someone else. She does not wish to be a ruler any longer; she is tired of that. Yet she knows now that she will surely be crushed beneath a Hungarian, a German, or a Russian yoke. Win or lose, Vienna's day is done.

It is generally believed there that after the war the influence of Germany will be supreme. So far as upper and lower Austria and the Austrian Tyrol are concerned, they could be Germanized completely in twenty years—probably sooner. In case of victory the chances are that Vienna will become rather a bone of contention between Buda Pest and Berlin; in case of defeat, the empire will certainly be chopped up, and many believe that Vienna will be given to Germany to end the war. Even if Germany, too, is invaded, and brought eventually to her knees, prevailing influences in Vienna will come from Berlin.

The Viennese regard the future with apprehension. German order, discipline, disdain—a place with Munich and with Dresden—or else the yoke of Magyar or of Slav. She is wondering now what she will do; but if the choice is hers I have no doubt that she will accept, and accept with positive relief an honorable place in the German Empire, but a place second to Berlin.

For Vienna really has only one rooted objection to this plan. She knows that she will ever after have to work.

GERALD MORGAN.

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Mary Phagan Speaks

You care a lot about me, you men of Georgia, now that I am dead.
You have spent thousands of dollars trying to learn who mutilated my body.
You have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong.
You have broken into a prison and murdered a man that I might be avenged.
But why did you not care for me when I was alive?
I was a child, but you shut me out of the daylight.
You held me within four walls watching a machine that crashed through the air,
Endlessly watching a knife as it cut a piece of wood.
Noise fills the place—noise, dust and the smell of oil.
I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you spent on the trial might have kept me in school,
A real school, the kind you build for the rich.
I worked through the hot August days
When you were bossing the girls, or shooting birds,
Or lounging in doorways cursing the nigger;
And you never paid me enough to buy a pretty dress.
You sometimes spoke coarsely to me when I went to and from my work;
Yes, you did, and I had to pretend I liked it.
Why did you despise me living and yet love me so now?
I think I know. It is like what the preacher told me about Christ:
People hated Him when He was alive,
But when He was dead they killed man after man for His sake.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

A COMMUNICATION

Literature After the War

SIR: The fate or proclivities of the European literati after the war seem to possess a strong fascination for writers of a speculative turn of mind. Mr. E. B. Osborn contributes a paper to the London *Morning Post* in which he argues that the group of authors which has absorbed so much of the public attention of late years, Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and not a few others, will be comfortably buried in a particular corner of the vast war graveyard dedicated to reputations. Intellectuals, selfish individualists, disembodied analysts, contemptible devotees of mere art, says Mr. Osborn (in effect) cannot survive the new patriotism, the new independence and brotherhood, the new life motive which must dwarf self and exalt the race; at all events, the nation.

There is a good deal of truth in this, no doubt; at least in the general forecast that European literature must be strikingly affected by the war, if only because of the prolonged contact of thinking minds with greater realities than any ever conceived by them as writers of fiction. But does it follow that authors necessarily will tumble into the graves with the subjects that formerly appealed to them and their publics? Mr. Osborn overlooks the fact that authors can suffer changes of heart and mind as well as the rest of mankind. Their brains are not crystallized, neither are they machines so perfect that there is no room left for modern improvements. The peculiar personal essence without which no author ever survived long enough to be discussed outside of a review column cannot be altered by war any more than a fine soldier can be made a coward or a pacificist because his company is driven off a battlefield by the overwhelming hosts of the enemy; but his mental attitude toward life, his viewpoint, his choice of theme and character, may change very materially. Do not they change in long eras of peace if his own career be long enough, his faculty generously endowed? What else is the meaning of those old phrases: "his earlier manner," "his second manner"?

Certainly manner here is no mere synonym for style. There is hardly a doubt that we shall make acquaintance with a new manner in practically every one of our favorite English and Continental authors—unless they are too old. Then, indeed, their genius may have crystallized at high-water mark, too brittle to stand further experiment.

I cannot imagine Mr. Arnold Bennett continuing to devote his fine talents placidly to the "Five Towns," or Mr. John Galsworthy miniaturing another "Patrician," although his art will always be delicate rather than virile. Mr. Shaw will have to stop frivoling, no doubt of that, unless he is really as contemptuous of the public as he pretends to be. It is likely that he will concentrate all his forces in the cause of socialism, his own true love, for which literature, or, rather, his literary reputation, has been the procuress, so to speak. As for H. G. Wells, it will be no penance for him to take a new tack, as he is the most completely written-out author of his day. He needed a jolt—and a rest; and as we have already had Wells in two manners, or phases, it is quite on the cards that after the terrific reverberations of this war have expired and his brain is no longer confused or stunned, he may emerge with a third manner superior to his others; and with some appreciation of the greater qualities of the human soul, possibly for the esthetic side of life. He is still a young man and he is close to the greatest history ever made; if he could be persuaded to stop writing for five years, disappear, forget himself (and the public), he might realize the promise of the days before he hustled out three or four books a year.

Hilaire Belloc, by nature the most egotistical of men, has been the first to dissociate the individual from those major gifts of mind that belong to the nation and the race that bred them. Nothing more impersonal, more coldly apart from the creating ego, was ever written than the first volume of his military history of the war. Of course its permanent value—owing to its premises—depends upon the triumph of the Allies; but in any case it will stand as a monument to the new attitude of cool contempt for the individual which he forecasts as the inevitable standard of the future.

Israel Zangwill will continue to be interested in the Jews, and the more romantic writers will use the war either as the theme or background of their novels for years to come; indeed, although the more fastidious minds in fiction no doubt will ignore the war as a subject for their stories, I do not see how it will be possible to ignore it either as a background or in its manifold psychological and material results—unless, to be sure, they confine themselves to that lamented era which closed on August 1st, 1914. But how barren that old soil appears to-day; its ex-

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ploiters now seem like an industrious body of scientific farmers. They did brilliant work, but after the manuring that soil has had since they must take a tremendous leap or be prepared to give place to minds plastic with youth and stamped with new ideals and enthusiasms.

Of the women, Marie Hay, May Sinclair and Beatrice Harraden may be depended upon to develop as rapidly and create as abundantly as the best of the men.

All this, of course, like every other speculative consideration, may be a thousand miles beyond the mark. If but one mind could read the future there would be no wars. Even Germany would not think the game worth the candle. The whole point is that if these European writers who are so often pictured to us as tottering on their pedestals can continue to interest a public, they will survive whether they turn a mental somersault or not. There is not one public, but a hundred. We are too prone, when turning our searchlight upon far horizons, to concentrate on the spot whose readers are of our own mental habit. As a matter of fact, the critical and highly organized public is the smallest public of all.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Revolution in Mexico

SIR: Disappointing, nay dismaying is the spirit of your editorial of August 14th, on the so-called "crisis" in Mexico. Why is there a crisis? Things have never looked better for the majority of the Mexican people. They have never been so well fed, never so hopeful, never so free to really work for their great future as they are to-day. A genuine social revolution is taking place at our very doors, and instead of encouraging your readers to understand its significance and watch it with sympathy, you note with lukewarm regret the sending of warships and armies to its very borders, where they will threaten it sullenly at its most critical stage of development.

The readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC expect it to take a position regarding Mexico quite different from the great capitalist dailies and weeklies. These voice "interests" which constitute the bulwark of the invisible government of the United States, "interests" which are in a position to take out of Mexico profits at the rate of a million dollars a day. With such possibilities within sight and almost within their control it is not to be wondered at that most of the information that reaches this country is poisoned at its sources. News that emanates from such agencies naturally seeks American protection for American dollars. The news that comes directly from the Constitutionalists, as we all know, rarely "headlines." The power of the "interests" is also displayed in their ability to enlist in their service such professedly impartial agencies as the Red Cross, whose scare notices have in a great measure been contradicted and tempered even by United States Consul Silliman at Vera Cruz. There are many subjects on which the American public is ignorant, but if there is any one upon which its intense ignorance borders upon meddlesome stupidity, it is concerning the Mexico situation.

The Constitutionalists should be marvelled at rather than distrusted, when we realize that after thirty years of the Diaz régime of suppression, legal murders and widespread disorganization of the spirit of democracy, followed by two years of the Madero-Huerta revolution, so many significant reforms have been put into effect over so widespread a territory; that order has been restored to a great extent; and that a stable government is in process of establishment. Peonage and debt slavery have been abolished throughout the entire Constitutionalist territory, thus turning hunted, half-starved slaves back into their heritage of human liberty. All rural community lands, stolen from the people during the Diaz régime in the form of concessions to favorites, have been declared confiscated, and many of these lands have been parceled out again among the people. Labor legislation embodying the most modern thought has been instituted, conceding labor the right to organize, regulating industrial disputes, providing for factory inspection, the eight-hour day, minimum wage, etc. The old federal army and the entire system of Diaz bureaucracy has been destroyed. Taxes are being reformed to weigh upon wealth and property rather than upon the poor. New schools and the training of new teachers, both in Mexico and America, have been started. The new spirit in reform legislation appears in the abolition of the national lottery, of prize fights, of bull fights and of the liquor traffic.

All this is not the work of one man, but of a group of the ablest men of Mexico whom Carranza has had the tact and ability to enlist in the cause of the Constitutionalists. Knowing that this must be a struggle of and for and by the Mexicans alone, Carranza has refrained from encumbering his country's future by a foreign loan. This is one cause of unpopularity with the Americans. But wisdom gained from the experience of the past has made him "beware of the Greeks who come bearing gifts." A keen critic of Mexican affairs says: "It is safe to say that Carranza, beset by the difficulties of civil war and the constant threat of intervention, has already realized to a greater extent the ideals and platform of the Mexican social revolution than Woodrow Wilson, with unlimited opportunity, has done, during the same period, to realize the platform of the Democratic party, upon which he was elected to his high office."

There is no justification for American intervention. The Mexicans seek it not and need it not. They would not only resent it, but would drop their individual antagonisms and parties and fight it to a finish, were it attempted. The foreigners who now are suffering and clamoring for protection are those in the zones of military operations, where it is as impossible to protect non-combatants as it is on the European frontiers. Knowing that Americans have no business there, President Wilson has repeatedly warned them to leave. Many have refused, preferring to remain and guard their ill-gotten concessions, and then shout for their flag to protect them.

Why should not the attitude of the United States remain to-day the same as it was in January, when the President made his great speech at Indianapolis? With these words, Wilson proclaimed "Hands Off" in Mexico:

> I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you; that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, 80 per cent of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be.
>
> It is none of my business, and it is none of your business, how long they take in determining it. It is none

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of my business, and it is none of yours, how they go about the business. The country is theirs, the government is theirs, and the liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs, and so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with it.

Haven't the European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs? Shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak?

What influence has been so powerful that in seven short months it can have created a right-about-face in the affairs of state of this government? Conditions in Mexico have certainly not changed for the worse since then. To the contrary, progress in justice and order has consistently followed in the path of the Constitutionalists. Alas! It seems to some, it is the "Invisible Government" that has captured the President. Let us hope that it is not also responsible for the editorials in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Rather than a deprecating extenuation of intervention, would we see in its columns an encouragement to its readers to maintain patience and confidence in this fight for the triumph of human justice; an appeal to the unprejudiced for sympathy with the Mexican people in their great final struggle, a struggle which has for its object the welfare of the many and the oppressed, rather than the interest of the privileged and the few.

AGNES D. WARBASSE.

Woods Hole, Mass.

[Mrs. Warbasse paints an idyllic picture of Mexican conditions, but what are her sources of information? She writes from a summer resort on the coast of Massachusetts. We have heard the same story, a little more glowing and a little less, from Carranza agents and from Mexican reporters who have spent two weeks lounging in cafés at Vera Cruz. We remain skeptical that even fifty per cent of what Mrs. Warbasse writes is true. If it were there would be no parallel in history for the success of the Mexican revolution. 1793 and 1848 were tepid failures beside this marvel: has Mrs. Warbasse perhaps confused the reforms which are promised with the reforms that have been realized?

It may be that the interests have "gotten" Mr. Wilson. But our guess is that Mr. Wilson has staked so much of his reputation upon a solution of the Mexican problem without military intervention, that he is not now likely to submit tamely to coercion or misrepresentation. The chances are that he has better sources of information in Washington than Mrs. Warbasse has in Woods Hole, Mass.

As for THE NEW REPUBLIC's disinterestedness, that will not be believed just because we assert it. But this much can be said in our defense: we are accused by people of Mrs. Warbasse's opinion, of trying to bring on war with Germany. Does she think we are likely to be so insane as to risk tying up the army in Mexico just to gratify certain investors? The real animus of our attitude is quite different. The outstanding point for us is that Mexico must be restored before the war ends. If it isn't, the United States will have to face the gravest kind of pressure from the European nations. This is the difficulty we are most anxious to forestall. We do not wish to be bullied into intervention; we do not wish to fight in order to prevent Europe from intervening; and so the only course open is to use every diplomatic resource now to put Mexico on her feet again.—THE EDITORS.]

The New Protection

SIR: the sporting element involved in Mr. Brooks' proposal to make the tariff an instrument of reward and punishment for virtuous and wicked manufacturers, and to entrust Congress with the duty of juggling it in accordance with the recommendations of the Attorney-General or the Secretary of Labor, deserves discussion by experienced politicians. It is enough, however, to justify the layman in considering the grounds for a war tariff.

Years of tariff discussion convince many thoughtful persons that protectionism and its converse are not opinions, but congenital traits. Mr. Brooks proceeds on the assumption that protectionism is the birthright of a safe majority. But this assumption has been shaken of late, and plans to make the tariff, like trust busting, a national pastime, may suggest, even to the born protectionist, a higher expediency.

Who are to be the beneficiaries of the new protection? We may group Mr. Brooks' instances into three classes: those industries that produce directly the implements of war; the pacific industries which have expanded enormously as the result, direct or indirect, of war orders; and the industries that have been established or developed to replace goods formerly imported and now unobtainable. That the armorers themselves must be supported until internationalism is achieved, only non-resisters can dispute; whether by government ownership, subsidy, or tariff, is a question for pacifists rather than economists. Implements of war are not articles of popular consumption. The proposal to protect the other beneficiaries of war orders is one around which fancy lingers with delight. The thought of the capital invested in the expansion of these industries being "wiped out by foreign competition after peace is declared" is full of poetic justice, since this capital, along with the full value of the product, and an acceptable profit, is being provided, cash with order, by the foreigner. The third class, the manufacturers of anilines, glassware, and so forth, are proper recipients of protection according to its classic doctrines. But I fear that protection for them will be opposed from a quarter painful to contemplate—by their ungrateful fellow manufacturers.

The manufacturer has been the spoilt child of American, as the Irishman of English, politics. He has been taught that he can eat his pie and have it too. Just now, for example, he is alternately clamoring for American aniline works to rival the great complexes of Baden and Elberfeld, and urging the government to pluck the very beard of war with England and Germany, in order to get dyes from abroad. But not a single manufacturer really weighs his present inconvenience—it is no more: if the public cannot get green, it will take gray—against the sums that a protective tariff on dyestuffs would have cost him in the past decade, or might in the next. He doesn't have to. He will have pie now and pie later. His cry then will be for cheap raw materials, and it will have just as prompt attention from his national nursemaid. For nearly all the products of these new infant industries are the raw materials of others.

The argument for a war tariff is exposed to a cruel analogy. Our current tariff system is a war tariff, "wished on" us by our manufacturers at the time of the Civil War. It has altered in detail, but not in substance. Yet the one thing certain to its friends and foes, is that it has outlived its occasion. The laws of physics, as well as those of appetite, make it easier for a hog to get his feet into the trough than out of it, and economic laws work in the same way.

J. W. HELBURN.

Salem, Mass.

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After the Play

COMING out of the Palace Theatre, the other afternoon, I was appalled and startled by the unfamiliar look of Broadway. Pallid, misshapen men and women, wearing insipid clothes almost all over their bodies, saddened the street. What an old and faded world they populated! How grotesque and repulsive were the images of physical love that I couldn't keep them, in spite of my stoutest efforts, from suggesting! An awakened interest in sex, a holy conviction that the intercourse of the sexes was out of place and ridiculous for such a being as man in such a world as ours, that its right place was in some franker, more beautiful, crueller and younger world—that was the effect of New York in 1915 upon one who had just seen Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's and Mr. Richard Ordynski's revival of "Sumurun." Without either grossness or innuendo it is sensual and animal and at liberty. It revealed the East and made the West comprehensible. In a western world containing such mediocre animals as most of us, sex has to be alloyed and diluted with sentimentalities and chivalries and safe monogamous loyalties in order to be endurable. In that other Eastern world, "Sumurun's" world of colors loud as gongs, sex is natural, and cruel and dangerous. If in our own day and country sex be necessary to the perpetuation of the race, then let the race die, and the sooner the better. Such was the impression left by "Sumurun" after the play was over. While in the act of looking at it my impressions weren't consciously related to sex. They were visual. I saw outspoken shapes and colors and motions. I heard a music that made the colors sing and the motions prolong themselves in echoes. And every now and then, when I remembered to whom I owed all this pleasure, came an emotion of gratitude to Miss Hoffmann and Mr. Ordynski.

Good farce is so difficult to make that few of the playwrights who attempt it care to make their task harder by trying to imitate the surface of life. The convention which they ask us to accept, and which we do accept, is that characters in farce behave themselves like characters in farce, speaking our language, to be sure, but acting on motives of their own which are caricatures of ours. Particularly at the beginning of a farce are we disposed to grant the playwright almost anything he cares to ask. Once we have done so, however, we like to rest comfortably in the assurance that he will ask us to accept no further improbability that is not a lineal descendant of the first. I am not in the least reluctant to grant Mr. Leroy Scott's request and concede the assumption which is the taproot of "No. 13 Washington Square." In everyday life, to be sure, I don't believe even a "society leader," finding herself unexpectedly hard up when on the point of going to Europe, would undertake to hide her predicament by spending the summer secretly in her town house and sending abroad a cheaper substitute. But such an undertaking is a capital starting point for farce. I am glad the idea occurred to Mr. Scott; my strong appetite for farce makes me eager to grant assumptions of exactly this kind. Just as, in a Labiche first act, when I find a young man doing his best to keep a young woman he doesn't know, or hardly knows, from getting married, I eagerly accept Labiche's explanation: The young man has had for years a flat that looks out on the Luxembourg gardens. He is attached to this flat. The idea of moving distresses him. But he must move when the young woman gets married, for it is written in the will of a deceased owner of real property that this flat shall go to the young woman on her wedding day. The young man accepted this condition when he signed his lease. If you don't like situations like this or Mr. Scott's you don't like farce, and had better keep out of its way.

My eagerness to oblige, however, dies not long after a farce begins. Once the farce is under way I want it to observe a logic of its own. I have said that the motives upon which a character in farce acts may be caricatures of real motives. But a caricature is nothing if there be no likeness. Let me return to "No. 13 Washington Square" for an example of the kind of improbability that I object to. Matilda Simpson, the de Peysters' housekeeper, is harassed by the presence of a forger named Pyecroft. She has a chance to get rid of him by giving him up to the police. She elects to tell the police he is her brother. Why? Because she is afraid Pyecroft, if she gives him away, will try to get even by publishing the fact that young de Peyster has married a grocer's daughter. But Matilda is aware (a) that young de Peyster's mother is the only person from whom he is anxious to keep his marriage a secret, and (b) that his mother knows it already. Matilda knows, and the audience knows, that nobody she cares two straws about will be a penny the worse if she gives Pyecroft away. When I find a playwright taking such liberties, when he makes his caricature of human motives so unlike his model, I lose interest. Not even the acting of Miss May Irwin, whose humor is fed by such abundant springs, is drawn from such refreshing wells, can keep me from resenting the playwright's conduct. From my resentment I find my way back to a good old general truth: When the only motive for a decision made by a character in a farce is the fact that if he or she decided otherwise the play would stop, then the playwright has been lazy. The more he has to gain by having a character behave himself or herself in a certain way, the more he is bound to find a plausible motive for such behavior. Technique is learned by repeatedly meeting obligations of precisely this kind. Good technique in farce is only the result of a successful effort to be clear and to satisfy the special kind of expectation you have raised in the spectator. In a farce, plausible motives, except at the very outset of the play, should show like veins on the back of a hand. Until a playwright has learned this he hasn't mastered his craft.

There is no mystery about the technique of most plays. Technique is made up of demands that are old and easy to talk about, new and hard to supply. It is an affair of common sense and economy. Take, from "The Boomerang," a play immensely more workmanlike than "No. 13 Washington Square," an instance of faulty technique of a different kind. A great deal of pains is taken in the first act to make us realize that Dr. Sumner, who has just begun to practice medicine, and who has been at it for two weeks, has no patients. This fact is insisted on over and over again. And, although a good deal of fun is got out of it, it has really nothing to do with the play. It does not characterize Dr. Sumner: it does not, in anything like the degree which would justify the authors in rubbing it in so, influence the course of events. For me such insistence is excessive, because it keeps me expecting, here and there in later acts, that the authors will now reap what they sowed in the first. They never do reap. They sowed for the sake of sowing. No harm in the practice if the audience is not bothered? But somebody in the audience always is bothered.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

MANY years ago, lecturing at a woman's college, Mr. Bertrand Russell asked the members of his class at what age they would have their daughters read Madame Bovary. His object was to suggest to his hearers a critical attitude toward the liberties they wished to take with a conventional order; to make them discriminate these liberties, to make them realize how a liberty might be wise or unwise according to the age and ripeness and circumstances of the person they were proposing to set free. Against the conception of every liberty as everywhere an absolute good, he bade them set the conception of liberty as a particular, leading a concrete human being from somewhere to somewhere else. The other day, for a short happy moment, I hoped that a similar question had been raised in a weekly paper. "Ibsen in the Class-Room," the article was called, and it began with a query put by a Catholic teacher: "Is Ibsen fit reading for Catholic girls?" Hope faded while I read the article—which appears in *America* for August 14—and when I came to the signature, James J. Daly, S. J., it did not greatly surprise me. For although the article did not persuade me that Ibsen was or was not fit reading for Catholic girls or the others, it has left me convinced that Ibsen, if Father Daly has really read him, is not fit reading for Father Daly. If, I say, because there is a little difficulty in believing that Father Daly, if he read Ibsen at all, would say such odd things as this about him: "The pervading fault of Ibsen's art, and one which makes it noxious to young and impressionable readers, is its preoccupation with the animal side of man." As if one were to write: "The pervading fault of Guy de Maupassant's art, and one which makes it noxious to young and impressionable readers, is its preoccupation with a future life." Nothing else said about Ibsen in Father Daly's article is quite so remarkable as this remarkable remark, though his statement that Ibsen wrote in Danish is equally original. However, this may have been only a slip of the pen.

Never having been a girl or a Catholic, I cannot say off-hand what Ibsen would do to a Catholic girl if she read him. If she were not an obedient child, and if her motive in taking the family Ibsen from the shelves were a wish to read an author preoccupied with the animal side of man, she would be disappointed in Ibsen. She would find, to be sure, that Nora Helmer was fond of macaroons, that Oswald Alving tippled, that Dr. Stockmann liked roast beef, that Relling now and then got drunk, that Rita Allmers did reproach her husband with leaving the champagne untasted. She would find that Rebecca West had once upon a time a strong physical desire for Rosmer, and that this physical love had turned into something very different. She would find love represented as existing between man and woman partly because one was a man and the other a woman. But her general feeling, unless she had Father Daly and not me at her elbow as prompter, and unless Father Daly could find in Ibsen things which I don't believe are there, would be that Ibsen was less preoccupied with the animal side of man than—if she had studied Greek—Homer. The many authors of the Iliad, if they were many, are one in their admiration of food and drink. The Iliad's heroes cared a lot about meals. Nor was it their habit, as it is Jess Willard's, to get up from the table hungry. Never, if they could help it, did they put away from them the desire of meat and drink until this desire had been satisfied. Perhaps, however, it is not hunger but sex that Father Daly has in mind when he writes of Ibsen's "preoccupation with the animal side of man." If we suppose this our surprise is no less, for what most of Ibsen's men and women ask of love is that it shall be not so much a physical satisfaction as an ideal relation, that it shall include loyalty, an affection that endures, sympathy of mind with mind. Rare in Ibsen are men who seek in women or women who seek in men nothing but an animal pleasure. Even Judge Brack, who asks of Hedda Gabler nothing but possession of her, is no such devotee of the flesh as our own Judge Rumhauser.

If no Catholic has ever read Ibsen, and if Father Daly is writing exclusively for Catholics, he has probably made out his case. But Catholics who are Ibsen readers, and who have kept their eyes open, will be surprised by Father Daly's article, and will begin anything he may have to say in the future, upon any subject, with diminished confidence. Better reasons for thinking Ibsen unfit reading for Catholic girls, reasons which do not depend upon absurd statements, can be found in the writings of Ibsen's admirers. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" is full of such. Ibsen is both a "man who declares that it is wrong to do something which no one has hitherto seen any harm in," and also a "man who declares that it is right to do something hitherto regarded as infamous." Perhaps the strongest anti-Ibsen statement, from Father Daly's standpoint, is made by the author who has written most adequately and understandingly and nobly in his praise, the German Alfred Kerr, from whom I have often tried and always failed to translate this passage: "Ibsen ist *Lucifer. Sein ganzes Werk ist im Grunde das eines Entgötterers. Das Werk dieses schönen und traurigen und starken Engels, der 'Gegenschöpfer' sein will. Ibsen spürt die ideale Forderung in sich, und weil er tapfer wie ein Wikinger ist, dringt er bis ans Ende.*"

No, it is not conceivable that Father Daly, even if he changed his mind about Ibsen's preoccupation with the animal side of man, would turn round and call Ibsen good reading for Catholic girls. Even if he familiarized himself with all the modern prose plays, from "Pillars of Society" to "When We Dead Awaken," many of his opinions would survive. He would still be able to write: "Ibsen is not a Christian. . . . For him there is no divine Christ, no Redemption, no supernatural life and destiny, no world of angels and saints." After the reading of Ibsen was over he would still be a somewhat contemporary author, and "though a contemporary may now and then, by way of relaxation, be glanced at in the class-room," Father Daly says, "he should not be studied, nor even brought into prominence there." A sentence which makes us suspect that neither Tolstoi, Anatole France, Nietzsche, Freud, Strindberg nor d'Annunzio is brought into prominence in Catholic schools. Nor would any study of Ibsen, however minute, shake Father Daly's belief that "Ibsen is a foreign writer," a thought which introduces this estimate: "His works may be masterpieces in the original; it is certain that they are not masterpieces in an English translation." That they are not verbal masterpieces in English is unfortunately true. I don't differ from Father Daly as to the poorness of most translations of Ibsen into English. As to everything except the mere words, Father Daly's estimate is a pleasant instance of a truth which he has put in this way: "The world of grown-up readers has frequently been at fault in picking among literary entries for immortality." Father Daly is a grown-up reader.

P. L.

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American Philosophy

American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism, by Woodbridge Riley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

READERS who expect to find in this volume a history of American thought will be disappointed. It is rather a history of American philosophy that the author has attempted. The distinction is generally ignored by of philosophy, would doubtless resent the charge of being fessional philosopher's range of interests, and partly because of the Hegelian tradition in which thought and philosophy are identical. Professor Riley, like other historians of philosophy, would doubtless resent the charge of being Hegelian—and justly so, so far as his own thought is concerned—but there can be no doubt that the conventional way of writing the history of philosophy which he follows has been fixed by the union of Hegelian dialectics with the philologic methods of the Germans as typified by Zeller.

According to the prevailing or Hegelian method, every history must divide itself into periods and each period must be explained by a single idea. Periods succeed each other in logical order as each idea passes into its opposite or negative, and the negation of the latter leads to a higher unity or synthesis. Thus Puritanism which is monistic leads by way of reaction to deism which is dualistic, and this in turn to the higher unity of transcendentalism which is pantheistic. This schematism is bewitchingly beautiful, but like other false beauty, useless and misleading. Thus it leads Professor Riley to identify Puritanism with the divine rights of monarchs, as he identifies deism with the natural rights theory, and transcendentalism with democracy. But the poor brute facts of history are obdurate and refuse to be thus simplified. The founders of Puritanism were predominantly republicans in politics; witness Calvin, Knox, Buchanan and Milton. Precisely because all men were thoroughly dependent on God, they were independent of each other. According to Professor Riley the Declaration of Independence came by way of reaction against the Puritan conception of dependence; but the facts of history show that the whole classical American tradition of liberty and individual rights, from the days of Otis to those of ex-President Taft and Senator Lodge, is thoroughly Puritanic; witness the combination of the principles of *laissez-faire* with its Sunday and liquor legislation.

It would, of course, be unfair to charge that Professor Riley throughout neglects the complicated facts in favor of preconceived simple generalizations. Indeed, his main loyalty has been to what might be called the philologic tradition, which pays scrupulous attention to all the printed "sources." But this attention to minutiæ has, in the case of the philosopher, its own snares. Thus it leads Professor Riley to give attention to such men as Shields and Stanhope Smith, but to omit all mention of such moulders of American thought as the writers of the *Federalist,* Calhoun, or Lester Ward. Thus also the largest chapter in the book is devoted to the theologic controversy over evolution; while there is not even a single paragraph devoted to the slavery controversy, the question of the peculiar nature of the American government, or the like. Professor Riley also ignores the reflective thought embodied in literature and art criticism, even when he deals with philosophies like that of the St. Louis school in which these matters received central importance.

Without knowing it, Professor Riley thus typifies the other-worldly attitude of Anglo-American philosophy, which takes an excessive interest in the minutiæ of theology, but ignores the whole realm of political and social thought, art and letters. Why he should have omitted all mention of such influential thinkers as Channing and Theodore Parker is not so easy to explain. The latter was one of the earliest students of Kant and of German thought in this country and exerted an important influence.

Judged, however, by the accepted canons of what a history of philosophy should be, Professor Riley has succeeded in giving us a careful and readable history of technical philosophy in America, especially in the Colonial period. Having written a large volume on the latter period, he shows admirable self-control in giving little more to it here than a third of the book. The account of Jonathan Edwards suffers, it seems to me, from the author's completely negative attitude to Calvinism and his consequent failure to appreciate the deeply humanistic aspect of Puritanism hidden in the doctrine of Christian humility. The Puritan who, when he saw a prisoner walked to the gallows, exclaimed, "There, but for the grace of God, go I," had a much richer and more sympathetic conception of human nature than is generally recognized. Professor Riley's characterization of Edwards as a mystic, a term also used to characterize Christian Science, does little justice to one of the keenest minds that ever flourished on this side of the Atlantic. The account of Emerson is sympathetic, and useful in dispelling erroneous views as to his indebtedness to German philosophy. But Emerson emerges out of this account too much of a systematic philosopher, and too little of the sensitive and poetic impressionist that he was.

On the account of the so-called St. Louis school, Professor Riley does not seem to me to do justice to the native genius of W. T. Harris, whose sojourn in St. Louis was only temporary. When Harris returned to New England there was no more of the "school" at St. Louis. Professor Riley's love of classification makes him treat Royce under the head of "Romantic Idealism," and his (Riley's) teacher, Ladd, under the heading of "Idealism and Science." One must admire loyalty to one's teacher, but a consideration of the second volume of Royce's "World and the Individual," not to mention the memoirs on logic and mathematics, shows how inadequate is the treatment of the foremost teacher of scientific method that this country has produced. By treating pragmatism apart from evolutionism Professor Riley misses the central motive of James's and Dewey's thought, which is to be found in the concept of biologic adaptation as applied to the function of thought, an issue already raised in Spencer's Psychology. Professor Riley's failure here is due to what might be called the bibliographer's fallacy. He takes James's book on "Pragmatism" instead of his "Psychology" as the starting point, but in the latter book, and especially in the chapter on Thought, are the true sources of pragmatism and instrumentalism to be found. Professor Dewey has himself indicated this. Attention to James's "Psychology" also reveals the debt of pragmatism to the practical idealism of Lotze and to the French neo-criticism of Renouvier and Pillon.

The adjective *American* as applied to thought leads to some uncertainties. Thus immigrants like Priestley or McCosh are treated as Americans, but Francis Lieber—no less influential—and Münsterberg are not even mentioned. The question when, if ever, did American thought cease to be British Colonial thought and become distinctively American, is not and perhaps cannot be definitely answered.

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Though Professor Riley is inclined to share the common view that in pragmatism we at last have a distinctively American product, he has himself indicated its ample indebtedness to, and affinities with, British utilitarianism and German practical idealism. This suggests a doubt, that possibly thought or philosophy is one of the things that cannot be completely nationalized. The phrase "American thought" (as distinct from thought in America) may perhaps be as devoid of real significance as American mathematics or American chess. Certainly James's thought is as little typical of conventional Cambridge as Emerson's pagan Neo-Platonism is of Christian and God-fearing Concord.

PHILONOUS.

Our National Income

Income, by Scott Nearing. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

IT is a striking fact that almost all American economic writers have shirked the task of estimating the amount of private income in the United States, and of analyzing the proportionate shares in it assigned to the several economic classes. The inquiry is admittedly a difficult one, and can never yield anything better than approximate results. Economists in other countries, however, have grappled valiantly with the problems of their own national incomes, and through successive improvements of method have attained to conclusions in which one can repose a fair degree of confidence. Almost every student of economics knows that the private incomes of the German Empire amount to about forty billion marks; but scarcely any one has even a vague idea as to the aggregate private income of the United States. The only way we can explain the existence of this strange gap in our knowledge is that the problem has not appealed actively to our practical interest. So long as economic science was content with the assumption that the free play of competitive forces would produce the maximum of social welfare, the study of aggregates of social and class incomes served merely to slake an idle curiosity. And even the popular reformers, though rejecting the adequacy of competitive forces, have adopted the same negligent attitude toward the study of income. They have argued cogently that every man should have an income adequate to maintain a family on a "civilized level," and that the dependents of the state should not be put off with minimum doles, but should secure, at whatever cost, such treatment as would mitigate the hardships under which they labor. But the social reformers have not stopped to inquire whether the aggregate social income would suffice for such purposes, as well as for other purposes of no less imperative character.

Professor Nearing recognizes the importance of determining the aggregate social income, but he is chiefly concerned with its distribution. According to his analysis, incomes fall into two broad classes, those that are received as a reward for the expenditure of personal energies, or incomes from service, and those that are received as an incident to the private ownership of property. Practically the same classification is employed by the financiers of England and the Continent, under the denominations of "earned" and "unearned" income. The academic economist has criticized the classification, on the ground that its very terms suggest a priority of merit in "service" or "earned" income that is not always warranted by the facts. But whatever the defects of the phraseology, the distinction is one that no financier in Europe could do without, and that is bound, sooner or later, to be put to practical use in our own financial policy.

From an analysis of such data as are available in the census reports, the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, etc., Professor Nearing arrives at the conclusion that the ratio of service income to property income in American large-scale enterprise is practically two to one. From the census estimates of the United States it may safely be inferred that property income cannot be much less than eight billion dollars annually. Say that this estimate overshoots the mark by a billion or two, the sum is still stupendous. We often hear that this or that social service, admittedly desirable in itself, must be foregone because the property owner is already staggering under a burden of excessive taxation. But so long as we pay the property owners at least six billions, over and above any taxes which they pay, for whatever social service they perform in accumulating, conserving and administering property, it appears absurd to cry out against the cost of social conservation.

In so far as his handling of facts is concerned, Professor Nearing introduces no innovation upon orthodox economic practice. He is not a whit less eager to avoid misrepresentation and overstatement than that stalwart conservative statistician, Sir Robert Giffen. Occasional errors appear, but they are not of a serious character. What gives a radical tone to the book is the view that property income is essentially parasitic. This is, of course, an ethical view; strict economic analysis defines parasitism otherwise. But as an ethical view, it is not so discordant with the spirit of the times as at first appears. Not so very long ago men considered ownership itself a sufficient defense of property income. "I own this estate; its fruits are lawfully mine, to wear and tear as I choose." You would go far to hear such statements from the lips of living man—though, to be sure, you might try William Barnes, Jr. Everywhere else private income from property is defended on the ground of service—the service of thrift in accumulating, the service of enterprise in managing property, or the service of income-yielding property as a stimulus to thrift, or as a basis of cultural development. Property income, says Professor Nearing, is wrong. That property income divorced from service is wrong is implied in Andrew Carnegie's view that it is wrong for a man to die rich, leaving his accumulations to curb the energies and frequently to corrode the lives of his heirs. The institution of private income from property, like all other institutions, requires for health, free and bold criticism. We cannot have such criticism without developing extremes of opinion. There will be some who are quite overwhelmed by the social service performed by the institution, and there will be others who can see no good in it whatever. We must have critics of both temperaments, if we are to find the middle ground for judgment and action. An institution is placed in greatest jeopardy when all its critics are biased in its favor. In such case excrescences upon it are accepted as of its essence and are permitted to grow until they sap away its vitality. Feudalism thus gradually transformed itself from a beneficent institution into an incubus that had to be destroyed by revolution. Every open-minded student of social science must admit that there exist pathological excrescences upon the body of private income from property. What of income trusteed for a Harry Thaw, or income irrigating fields producing such rank weeds as the "divorce crowds" of our cities? To challenge the institution of property income, as Professor Nearing does, is a valuable service to social science. It tends to force us to discriminate be-

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tween what is good in the institution and what is bad, and to fix our minds upon the necessity of extirpating the evil. Though radically intended, Professor Nearing's work is a conservative force.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

Social Workmanship

The Field of Social Service: Philip Davis, editor. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co. $1.50 net.

THIS survey of the numerous opportunities for social work is addressed in the form of personal talks by specialists to the comfortable but anxious people who desire to make their time and thought count in the widening communal sympathies of the day. The editor presents volunteer social service as a higher evolution of Comte's religion of humanity or Goethe's religion of deed.

This emphasis on the spiritual benefits accruing to the doer rather than on the social amelioration achieved by the workmanlike deed is one which the progress of the book itself makes appear increasingly old-fashioned. The book is, in fact, a very accurate index of the transition from the old motives of personal charity to the desirable goal of communal coöperative work, done in the interests of intelligence and a social situation in which all can live, rather than in the interests of virtue acquired or dispensed.

"Service" is, in fact, only a transition ideal, to be replaced as soon as possible by the ideal of "social workmanship," the artistic and scientific movement of effecting a certain desirable situation. Out of the mass of papers in this volume by social workers who themselves have this workmanlike attitude, but are trying to talk the old Christian language of service, emerges a notable paper by Wm. H. Pear, General Agent of the Boston Provident Association, on "Social Values in Public and Private Relief." His classification of dependent people is very significant: (1) where unpreventable calamity is responsible; (2) where distress is traceable to social maladjustment, preventable by legislation; (3) where personal frailty is responsible. In the first instance, relief would be given as unquestionably as in the case of earthquake sufferers; in the second, the work would be directed towards securing social legislation which should benefit large masses of people, independent as well as dependent; in the third, the teacher and employment bureau and psychologist or state institution would be called in to do the work of rehabilitation, to bring back the person or family to the level of supportable life in the community. Clearly only in the last case would "volunteer social service" be at all to the point, and then only as it appeals to all the constructive instincts that would rouse the person aided to lift himself to the social norm that should be his. The new type of social worker, volunteer as well as professional, is evidently to be one who has the "instinct of workmanship," and touches off not springs of affection and gratitude, but the same instinct of workmanship in the individuals and society around him.

This means that the social worker will have an ideal of a minimum standard of life below which the community cannot afford to let any of its members sink. We are making towards that idea of the forcible feeding and clothing which Bernard Shaw would have perpetrated on every child. Such an ideal is far better than that unfortunate "abolition of poverty," which promises so much more than it expects to perform, and seems to imply that the abolition is to be as a kindness to the "poor," instead of as a simple prerequisite for a world worth living in by all of us.

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Towards the maintenance of this social norm, all the social agencies in the community would coöperate. The business of bringing people back to it would be as unquestioned a duty as the segregation and care of contagious diseases. And one would have no more right to object to being worked back to this norm than one would have to being cared for in an isolation hospital.

In a country like ours, where government is so timid and amateurish, expert social work becomes increasingly essential. It gives outlet to that scientific energy which government rejects. The private social agencies become better and better organized, and more and more scientific, and in doing so assume a semi-official character. Their function will be increasingly to coach the public agencies, do their experimenting for them, invent methods, and gradually cajole them into the daring and skill which they will need for the radical social reorganization which we all want. Private social agencies will be the brains of the public, a government within a government, doing the work that the organized society is too lazy or too cowardly to do. Social work will be a vocational school where the community learns constructive collectivism.

The present book begins with the "Religion of Service" and ends with a supplement of "Salaried Positions." The irony is not so significant as is the palpable shift from "service" to "workmanship." Some day that will not be a supplement. Some day the social worker will come into his own as a recognized semi-public officer, a communal scout and pioneer, a tutor in collective action and collective responsibility.

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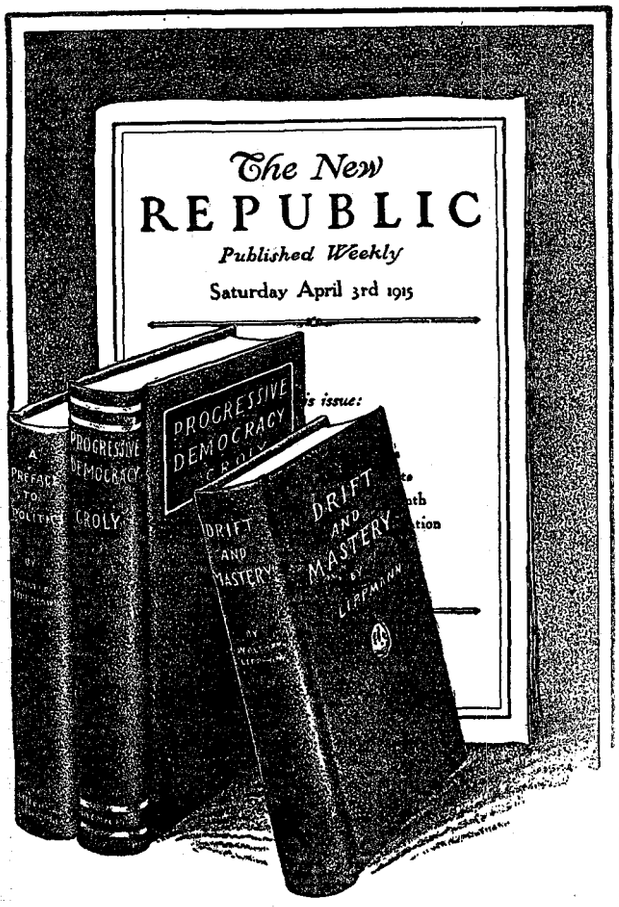

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